

Jan 1st

1880



GLEANED FROM LIFE'S PATHWAY

EDITED BY

REV. M. C. PRITCHARD.

"Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near."

"Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon." Isa. 55. 6-7.

OTTAWA, CAN.

HOLINESS MOVEMENT PUBLISHING HOUSE
480 BANK STREET

[Entered according to the Acts of the Parliament of Canada, in the year one thousand nine hundred and eight by W. J. Day, in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture, at Ottawa].

BV 4510

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Introduction.

DEAR FRIENDS :—A selection of the most excellent, touching, and sympathetic stories are here presented before us by the Rev. Mr. Pritchard. Some of them have been written by himself, and other interested friends ; while others, have been gleaned by him from papers, books, and magazines.

It should be remembered that this book is not the production of a week or a month's labor, but Mr. Pritchard has been gleaning for its pages what he considered the most enlightening, instructive, and thrilling stories now under print for the past three years. To my mind, it is just what is needed for the clergyman's, evangelist's, or student's study. Having once glanced through it, you will find that your library will seem incomplete without this invaluable selection. Around the home fire-side, just such stories as will interest the old, are to be found throughout its pages.

During the evening after the youth and middle aged have seated themselves down to rest from the toil and labor of the day, a most profitable evening can be spent in perusing some of the pages before us. After reading the first page or so of this volume, you will feel like the children of Israel, who after they once crossed the River Jordan, were drawn farther into the land. Once you commence

to read this book you will want to finish it. Little children will find some of the most delightful stories here that are on record : from the little boy five years old, who follows his poor drunken father into the police headquarters, and refuses to leave his side till he is set free in the morning; up to the young girl, who is attending College, surrounded by Christian influence, and is about to make her choice in life, for weal or woe. The soldier, also, who, at the blast of the trumpet, has a flash of loyal blood rush through his veins will find that he, his wife, and little darlings are not missed in here either. The prohibitionist, or temperance character is not forgotten, but has some of the most striking instances set vividly before him of the necessity and advantage of the same. The death-bed repentance scene is here disclosed. The sad warnings of those who are passing away unprepared into the great beyond, and the awful deaths of the rejectors of the Lord Jesus have been penned for your admonition and mine.

As we pass along through these various scenes gleaned from life's pathway, we are greatly encouraged when we look upon our Missionaries at work—their labor and hardship—yet coming through the fires of persecution, affliction, and self-denial without even the smell of smoke upon their garments. All this, along with some of the most direct answers to prayer, causes our pulse to beat, our hearts throb, and our faith to leap a thousand leagues into the open heaven, —claim all God's

INTRODUCTION.

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promises, believe His word, cry out, "impart to us the faith once delivered to the saints."

This book should, can, and we believe will receive a wide circulation. It is purely nonsectarian, and at the same time will be profitable to all. May God, for Christ's sake, bless the efforts that have been put forth, for the warning of the erring one, the encouragement of the believer, and the salvation of the lost and perishing world.

I am yours in Christ Jesus,

REV. W. J. DEY,

Editor HOLINESS ERA.



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GLEANED FROM LIFE'S PATHWAY.

Prayer Answered, and More.

A few years ago, a lady stood up in a prayer meeting in an eastern city, and spoke as follows :

"Some years since, my husband was traveling in Europe and I was left alone with my maids in a large, lonely house in a western state. One evening, after our usual reading and prayer, we retired to our several rooms. As I entered my room, I happened to look into a mirror at the opposite side of the room, and was horrified to see the reflection of a man crouching behind my wardrobe. I was tempted to cry aloud for help, but knew it would be useless, and determined to put the faith in God about which we had been reading, to the test. I walked as courageously as possible, though trembling in every limb, across the floor, took my Bible from the table, and sank into a chair. In a voice as steady as I could make it, I began reading the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah. I then knelt and prayed aloud, telling

God how we were unprotected women, and imploring Him to protect us from thieves and robbers and all evil persons. I had barely risen and sank once more into the seat, when a hand was laid on my shoulder and a voice said : "Do not cry out nor be frightened, for you are perfectly safe. I came here to rob this house, but that chapter is one I used to hear my mother read, and your prayer reminded me of the prayers she offered. I am going now. You need fear nothing." That experience, said the lady, taught me that God's promises are real and that He will always help us if we ask in faith believing."

After the prayer meeting a man came up to the woman and said : "I suppose you would forgive a person an injury he had done you, no matter how great it was ?" "Yes," she said. "Well," said the man, "I know the story you told to-night is true, for I am the thief you told about, and your reading the Bible and your prayer that night led to my becoming a Christian.—Sel.

The Painter and the Gipsy Girl.

The gipsy girl lived the wild life of her tribe, and had been called in by a German painter, that he might paint her pretty face. She had never been in an artist's studio before, and did not fail to notice, on the other side of the room, an unfinished painting of the crucifixion of our Lord. One day she asked, "Master, who is that hanging there ?"

"That is Jesus Christ," replied the painter, carelessly.

"But, was He a bad Man that they treated Him so cruelly?"

"O, no ; He was the best man that ever lived."

"Tell me more about Him." And so he did, though half unwilling to do so.

Day by day, as this young gipsy girl came into the studio to have her picture painted, her face was fixed upon this painting of Christ. As the last sitting was over, and as she was turning to leave the room, she whispered, "Master, how can you help loving Him who, you say, has died for you? If anybody had loved me like that, O, I'd like to die for Him!" And then, with a sad heart, she went back to her people.

And the painter? He was struck as with an arrow. God's Spirit sent the words home to his heart. He sought out a mission preacher who could tell him of Jesus, and in the little mission-room he fell on his knees, and, covering his face with his hands, confessed before God's blessed Son how for many years he had neglected Him and sinned against Him ; and, looking to God for pardon, he gave his life to Him. His life was filled with a new joy, and he then became a worker for Christ. He put aside the half-finished picture, in which he had only thought of depicting the sufferings of Christ, and began a fresh one, with a heart full of fresh love

toward the Saviour who had died for him. He felt the Lord helped him as never before. When the painting was finished, it was placed in the gallery at Dusseldorf. Crowds came to gaze upon it. To one heart, at least, that story went home, for beneath the picture the painter had placed the words—

"I did all this for thee ;
What hast thou done for Me."

Count Zinzendorf tells us that he "felt he would not be able to answer very much, and prayed to the Saviour to draw him into the communion of His sufferings." Though I believe Zinzendorf became a Christian when he was a child, yet the sight of this painting led him to live for the Lord as he had not done before. As the father of the United Brethren in Moravia, we know how well he kept his promise.

The gipsy girl came to see the picture, too, and the artist, happening to be there, found her weeping before it.

"O, master !" she cried, "He died for you, I know ; but did He die for me—a poor gipsy girl ?"

And now, this painter, knowing by experience something about the love of Jesus, could, out of a full heart and with a deep interest in that dying Saviour, tell her, as he could not have done before, the story of His sufferings and death in our stead ; and, pointing to the picture, he said, "Yes, He died for you. I love Him now ; won't you ?"

With tears in her eyes, she asked : "Did He really die for a poor gipsy girl ? Then I will love Him, too."

Some time after a stranger came to him with a message from a gipsy girl, who was dying, to ask him to come to her, as she wished at once to see him. He went, following the guide to the forest ; and there, in a poor hut, lay the gipsy girl. It was his old friend, no longer in her dark beauty, but pale and worn and dying. Her eyes were closed ; but, when she heard his voice, she opened them, and with a smile, she slowly said, "O, master—I know now—He—died—for—me—I—love—Him—and—I—am—going—to—live—with—Him." Then she passed away.

But what shall I say to those of you who have never loved Jesus ? You see, this gipsy girl had never heard of Christ ; but you have heard of Him all your life, and yet have turned away from Him and rejected Him many times. May I repeat to you the question of this gipsy girl to the German painter, "How can you help loving Him who died for you ?"—Sel.

A Prayer for Wind.

Nothing can detain or destroy a real prayer ; its flight to the throne is swift and certain. God will not fail you, though you fail yourself. Though you faint, He fainteth not, neither is weary. *Up*

your cry, and He will lift up His hand. Resort to your chamber, and it shall be to you none other than the gate of heaven. Tell your God your grief is heavy to you, it will be light enough to Him. Dilemmas will all be plain to His wisdom, and difficulties will vanish before His strength.

But remember always, prayer, like a ladder, has two ends. If angels are at the top end, there must be a human being at the foot. If the sunshine and the rain are sent to bring forward the fruitage of the year into the harvest, man must plow and sow, else there will be no harvest. God recognizes and uses human agencies in the carrying forward of his purposes. This has its illustration in an incident in the life of Hudson Taylor. He is the man of great faith in God, as well as a great missionary. When he first went to China, it was in a sailing vessel. Very close to the shores of a cannibal island the ship was becalmed, and it was slowly drifting shoreward, unable to go about, and the savages were eagerly anticipating a feast. The captain came to Mr. Taylor and besought him to pray for the help of God.

"I will," said Taylor, "provided you set your sail to catch the breeze."

The captain declined to make himself a laughing stock by unfurling sails in a dead calm.

Taylor said, "I will not undertake to pray for the vessel unless you will prepare the sails."

And it was done. The missionary retired to his

state-room to pray. While engaged in prayer, there was a knock at his door.

"Who is there?"

The captain's voice responded, "Are you still praying for wind?"

"Yes."

"Well," said the captain, "you'd better stop praying, for we have more wind than we can well manage."

And, sure enough, when but a hundred yards from shore, a strong wind had struck the sails of the boat, so that the cannibals were cheated out of their human prey.

Sails are made to catch the wind. This part of the prayer, namely, the spreading of the sail, the sailors could do. It belonged to God to send the wind.

The application of all this is, if your prayer is for wind, be sure to spread the sails.

The late Mr. Spurgeon said, "Prayer is the rustling of the wings of the angels that are on their way bringing us the boons of heaven. Have you heard prayer in your heart? You shall see the angel in your house. When the chariots that bring us the blessings do rumble, their wheels do sound with prayer. We hear the prayer in our own spirits, and that prayer becomes the token of the coming blessings. Even as the cloud foreshadoweth the blessing;

even as the green blade is the beginning of the harvest, so is prayer the prophecy of the blessing that is about to come."

One great lack of the Church to-day is the power of prayer. The little company in that upper room in Jerusalem—men and women—rightly interpreted our Lord, when for ten days they tarried in prayer. How simple, direct, fervent, importunate that prayer was all the world knows. In this first Christian prayer-meeting we have in miniature the pivotal point of power for the Church to-day and of every day.—Sel.

A Fatal Delay.

When I was a young boy, before I was a Christian, I was in a field one day with a man who was hoeing. He was weeping, and he told me a strange story, which I have never forgotten. When he left home his mother gave him this text: "Seek first the kingdom of God." But he paid no heed to it. He said when he got settled in life, and his ambition to get money was gratified, it would be time enough then to seek the kingdom of God. He went from one village to another, and got nothing to do. When Sunday came he went into a village church, and what was his great surprise to hear the minister give out the text. "Seek first the kingdom of God." The text went down to the bottom of his heart.

He went away from that town, and at the end of

a week went into another church, and he heard the minister give out the same text, "Seek first the kingdom of God." He felt sure this time that it was the prayers of his mother, but he said calmly and deliberately :

"No ; I will first get wealthy."

He said he went on, and did not go into a church for a few months, but the first place of worship he went into, he heard a third minister preaching a sermon from the same text. He tried to stifle his feeling, to get the sermon out of his mind, and resolved that he would keep away from churches altogether, and for a few years did keep out of God's house.

"My mother died," he said, "and the text kept coming up in my mind, and I said I will try to become a Christian." The tears rolled down his cheeks as he continued. "I could not ; no sermon ever touched me ; my heart is as hard as that stone," pointing to one in the field.

I couldn't understand what it was all about ; it was fresh to me then. Soon after I went to Boston and was converted, and the first thought that came to me was about this man. When I got back, I asked my mother :

"Is Mr. L—— living in such a place ?

"Didn't I write to you about him ?" she asked ; they have taken him to an insane asylum, and to every one who goes there he points with his finger

up there and tells him to "Seek first the kingdom of God.' "

When I got home again, my mother told me he was in her home, and I went to see him. I found him in a rocking-chair, with that vacant, idiotic look upon him. Whenever he saw me he pointed at me and said : "Young man, seek first the kingdom of God." Reason was gone, but the text was there.—
D. L. Moody.

Awful, But True.

The following appeared some time ago in a religious weekly, published in New York city.

A young lawyer won and married a bride that was the object of her parent's refined affections, and the favorite of all the circles of her numerous friends.

A beautiful cottage, elegantly located, and beautifully furnished by her parents, was the home of this favorite pair. Several years glided by, and the husband began to ply the sparkling glass. Warnings from the Bible, entreaties from his devoted partner, the solemn pleadings of his friends, could not arrest his downward path.

One fierce winter's night he came home, reeling through the snow, and found his wife in a miserable cold room, an invalid, and trying to keep her two babes warm. The drunken madman swore he would soon have it warm enough. Midnight came. The

tempest had increased ; the elements were in fierce conflict, while the raging fiend in human form was within. How he fired his home will never be known. The flames, fanned by the wind, drove the wife out, bearing her darlings, to face the awful tempest. A quarter of a mile off stood the nearest house. Soon exhausted, she sank down in the deep snow, with her helpless babes clinging to their mother. But a few moments sufficed to reduce their lonely home to ashes.

In the morning the sobered author of this ruin, with the parents and friends, were searching under snow drifts for the lost ones. At length, wrapped in a spotless winding sheet, they were found. White as marble, the lovely features of the mother disclosed frozen, silent tears on her cheeks, and cherub forms clasped in her arms.

What changed that promising young lawyer to a fiend ? Who murdered those two innocent babes clinging to the dead form of the fond mother ? Who destroyed that happy home, blighted the fondest hopes, and blotted out the young life of that devoted wife and affectionate mother ? The skeleton fingers of that silent form point to the saloon as the place where the man became the fiend, and to the rum-seller as the guilty party.

"Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that puttest thy bottle to him and makest him drunken also." Hab. 2 : 15.—Sel.

His Prayer Was Answered.

Eli Perkins tells the following anecdote which was related to him by Bishop Vincent :

"The sweetest death I ever saw," said Dr. Vincent, "was that of a little boy."

"How was it?" I asked.

"Well, part of the wall of a burnt house," said the doctor, "had fallen on a little seven-year-old boy and terribly mangled him. Living in the neighborhood, I was called to see the stricken household. The little sufferer was in intense agony. Most of his ribs were broken, his breastbone crushed, and one of his limbs fractured in two places. His breathing was short and difficult. He was evidently dying.

"I spoke a few words to him of Christ, the ever present and precious friend of children, and then, with his mother and older sister, knelt before his bed. Short and simple was our prayer. Holding the child's hand in mine, I repeated the children's gospel :

" 'Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' "

"He disengaged his hand from mine and folded his. We rose from our knees. His mind began to wander. He called his mother. 'I'm sleepy mamma, and want to say my prayers.' "

" 'Do so, my darling,' replied the sobbing mother.

" 'Now I lay me—down—to sleep, I pray thee,
Lord, my soul—to keep—If—I—should—d-i-e—'

"And then he was beyond the river of death."—
Sel.

**"Shut Your Eyes, Mamma, It'll Be All Right
There."**

There was a family who lived in the city of Detroit, who were dependent upon a little child for the sunshine of their lives. The young wife and mother was stricken down to die. When the family physician called them together, and in his solemn way intimated to them the truth—there was no hope, then the question arose among them, Who would tell her? Not the aged mother, who was to be left childless. Not the young husband, who was walking the floor with clenched hands and rebellious heart. There was only one other, and at this moment he looked up from the book he had been playing with, unnoticed by them, and asked gravely:

"Is mamma doin' to die?"

Then, without waiting for an answer, he sped upstairs as fast as his little feet would carry him. Friends and neighbors were watching by the sick woman. They wonderingly noticed the pale face of the child as he climbed on the bed and laid his small hand on his mother's pillow.

"Mamma," he asked in sweet, caressing tones, "is you 'fraid to die?"

The mother looked at him with swift intelligence. Perhaps she had been thinking of this.

"Who—told—you—Charlie?" she asked, faintly.

"Doctor, 'an papa, 'an gamma—everybody," he whispered. "Mamma, dear, doan' be 'fraid to die, 'ill you?"

"No, Charlie," said the young mother, after one supreme pang of grief; "no, mamma won't be afraid."

"Jus' shut your eyes in e' dark, mamma; teep hold my hand—an' when you open' em, mamma, it 'ill be all light there."

When the family gathered, awestricken, at the bedside, Charlie held up his little hand.

"H-u-s-h! My mamma doan' to sleep. Her won't wake up here any more!"

And so it proved. There was no heart-rending farewell, no agony of parting; for when the young mother woke, she had passed beyond, and as baby Charlie said: "It was all light there."—E. Payson Hammond.

The Child's Guide.

A few years ago, I found a little boy, about eight years of age, in one of these seats at the children's inquiry meeting, sobbing aloud. Said I:

"What is the matter, my dear little fellow?"

"Oh, dear! I'm lost! I'm lost! and I can't find Jesus! Oh, my wicked heart! How can I get a

new heart? I have been so wicked! I have never loved Jesus at all. I thought I loved Him, but now I know I never did. Will He take me?"

"Oh, yes," said I. "He says, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.'" I tried to tell him how the Lord Jesus died for sinners just like him. At length we kneeled down in one of the pews, and, in a low tone, we prayed together, and the little boy asked God to take away his wicked heart, and help him to love the Saviour; and that little boy, I believe, found Jesus to be "the child's Guide to heaven," and he is here to-day, with a smiling face and a singing heart.—Sel.

A Decision For Duty.

On the northernmost part of the mainland of Holland, there is a point of low land extending nine miles, unprotected by any natural defence against invasion by the sea.

More than two hundred years ago, the inhabitants undertook the gigantic task of raising dykes of clay, earth, and stone; and now, behind shelter of the embankment, numerous villages and towns are safe from their powerful enemy, the sea. The spire of Alkmond, a town of ten thousand inhabitants, is on a level with the top of the dyke. A master is appointed to oversee the workman constantly employed in watching those dykes.

A century ago, one November night, a fierce gale was blowing from the north-west, and increasing in fury every minute. The dyke-master had planned to go to Amsterdam. It was the time of the spring tide. He thought of the dyke. Should he give up his pleasant trip to Amsterdam?

The dyke!

The urgency of his visit was great.

But the dyke!

His friends would be badly disappointed if he did not go to Amsterdam.

But the dyke!

Inclination against duty. It was six o'clock; the tide had turned, and would rise till twelve.

But at seven the stage would start for Amsterdam. Should he go?

A struggle; his inclination was to go; his duty was to remain. He looked up at the wild and fast increasing storm, and he decided to go with all speed to his post of duty.

When he reached the dyke, the men, two hundred in number, were in utter and almost hopeless confusion. The storm had risen to a hurricane. They had used up their store of hurdles and canvas in striving to check the inroads of their relentless foe. Then they shouted, "Here's the master! thanks be to God! All right now!" The master placed every man at his post; and a glorious battle commenced—the battle of men against the furious sea.

About half-past eleven the cry was heard from the centre—

"Help! help!"

"What's the matter?"

"Four stones out at once."

"Where?"

"Here."

The master flung a rope about his waist, four did the same, forty hands held the ends of the ropes as the five men glided down the sloping side of the dyke. The waves buffeted and tossed them, bruising their limbs and bodies; but they closed up the breach and were then drawn up. Cries for help came from all quarters.

"Is there any more canvas?"

"All gone!"

"Any more hurdles?"

"All gone!"

"Off with your coats, men, and thrust them in the breach," shouted the master, throwing off his own. There they stood, half naked, in the raging November storm. At a quarter to twelve, only a few inches higher, and the sea would rush over the dyke, and not a living soul would be left in all North Holland. The coats were all used up. The tide had yet to rise till midnight. "Now, my men," said the master. "we can do no more. Down on your knees, every one of you, and pray to God." And two hundred men knelt down on the shaking,

trembling dyke, amid the war of the storm and the thunder of the waves, and lifted up their hands and hearts to Him who could say to the waves, "Be still !" and, as of old, he heard them, and saved them out of their trouble.

And the people of Alkmond were eating and drinking, dancing and singing, and never knew that there was but an inch between them and death during that terrible night. A country was saved by one man's decision for duty.—Sel. from "Platform Echoes."

Heroic Chinese Convert.

Bishop Fowler, a notable figure in Chinese missions, relates the following story :

A Chinaman was converted, and after he had studied the New Testament not a little, he felt called to preach, to tell his countrymen the good news. He went into the crowded street, mounted a little box, and began preaching. Soon a mob gathered, knocked him down from his box, beat him, dragged him through the city, and threw him over the wall for dead. He came to, went down to a little brook, and washed off the blood and dirt. Then he prayed, "Lord Jesus, what wilt Thou have me to do ?" Having, as he felt, received his answer, he went straight back to the same street, mounted the same box and preached again.

Again the people treated him as before. Again he revived, washed away the dirt and blood, and said, "Lord Jesus, what wilt Thou have me to do?" Back he went to the same little box, and preached as before. Again the mob rallied, and beat him down.

The magistrate sent the police, who put him in a jail that faced on a little square, on which the mob gathered, howling and throwing up dust. He put his hand through the grating of the little window and beckoned for the mob to be quiet. When they quieted a little, he pressed his bruised and bleeding face up against the grating, and said: "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy . . . and to testify the Gospel of the grace of God" (Acts xx. 24).

His battered face shone with heavenly joy. He conquered that mob by the power of a deathless love. And now, at his own request, he has been sent to that people as his regular charge.—Sel.

A Mocker Punished.

Rev. Thomas Graham, the noted revivalist preacher of the Erie Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, relates the following sad experience:

When stationed in Fredonia, a girl who lived about three miles from that place, toward Sheridan,

and had been awakened at a meeting held in the village by me, but who refused to seek religion, went to a ball on Wednesday, being the evening following, and, being bantered about her religious feelings, to prove to the contrary, took a cloak, and throwing it down in the middle of the floor, called it her "mourner's bench," then, taking the hand of a young man, kneeled down by it and offered a mock prayer. That very moment she was struck crazy. Her friends got her into a sleigh and hurried home with her. A physician was sent for immediately, but it was of no use. She died, crazy, on Friday evening, about the same hour of the day. She had not one lucid moment until she died. It was emphatically her "mourner's bench." Her lifeless remains were carried to the grave the following Sunday in Fredonia, followed by her friends, who would not be comforted.—Sel.

Awful Realization of a Dream.

The Rev. Mr. E——, calling to visit one of his hearers, saw a young lady in the parlor who had come for the use of the water, on account of her health. Observing her unusually pensive, Mr. E. took the liberty to enquire the reason.

She answered, "Sir, I will think no more of it,—it was only a dream, and I will not be so childish as to be alarmed over a dream. But, sir," said she, "I

will tell you my dream, and then I will think of it no more."

She then repeated as follows :

"I dreamed I was at the ball, where I intend to go to-night. Soon after I was in the room I was taken very ill, and they gave me a smelling bottle, and then I was brought home into this room. I was put into that elbow-chair (pointing to it) and fainted and died. I then thought I was carried to a place where there were angels and holy people in abundance, singing hymns and praises to God : that I found myself very unhappy there, and desired to go from thence. My conductor said, if I did, I should never come there again. He then violently whirled me, and I fell down, down—through blackness, and flames, and sulphur ; the dread of which awoke me."

The minister endeavored, by every possible argument, to dissuade the young lady from going to the ball that night, but in vain : she answered, "I will go ; I will not be so foolish as to mind a dream !"

She did go ; and soon after she came into the ball-room, she was taken ill and, as she dreamed, a smelling-bottle was given her. She was carried home, into the room, and put into that very elbow-chair, represented in the dream,—she fainted,—and died !—Sel.

A Baby in Jail.

It was a queer little tot of a girl who put in an appearance at a Philadelphia police-station, and, looking from one officer to another, said, "Did you put my mother in jail?"

The officers stared at the little midget, so small that a policeman had to help her up the steps of the stationhouse, and wondered what she meant. They had arrested a tangled-haired woman who had fought like a fury and stormed them in three languages, but they did not dream that this little innocent thing was her child. But she was, and the mother heard her voice and called for her.

So they swung open the door of the corridor and let the baby in. She trotted up to the cell door, and looking in, said, "Why, mother, are you in jail?"

The mother shrank back, ashamed. The child dropped upon her knees on the stone floor, and clinging to the cold bars, began to pray.

"Now I lay me down to sleep, and I hope my mother will be let out of jail."

There was a strong moisture about the strong policemen's eyes as they led the little thing away. When the case came into court, the Judge whispered to the woman to go home, and for her child's sake to behave as mothers should.

It was the drink that made the mischief, and

drink is always making mischief. It begins with a little for medicine, and it ends with wretchedness, madness, and death. Many a fair, bright young girl has tasted of this poisoned cup, and has never stopped until she reached the depths of sorrow and despair.

"Look not upon the wine when it is red . . . At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."—Sel.

The Downward Career and Death of Tom.

A young man went through the college with the highest honors ; his record and character were clean and pure. About the time that he graduated he met with a great misfortune, in having a legacy left him of forty thousand dollars.

"Now," he said, "before I buckle down to life's work, I will see the world."

And he did so. He was of a nervous, susceptible temperament ; he boarded in one of the best hotels, and commenced drinking. I will not follow his course. After he had been there some time, the landlord said to him,—

"Look here, you and I know each other ; we are men of the world, and it is always business before friendship. Now, you know the kind of house I mean to keep. I have lady boarders with me, and

they may be fastidious, but that has nothing to do with it. They complain of your coming in late at night, and making a noise. That will not do. I think you had better find some other quarters. We are friends just the same as ever, but I think it would be better for us both if you would shift your quarters."

And he did. Now, young men, where did he go? Did he go to a more respectable house? No; he went to a less respectable house. Every step a man takes in this course is down, never up; never, never! He went where he could make a little more noise without troubling any one. When he was too noisy for that they ordered him away. He went to a lower, and a lower, and a lower place; every step still lower.

Eight years passed away. He was seated in a grog-shop,—well, I can hardly describe it,—it was a place where they kept bunks for men to sleep off the drink, and where a certain kind of food called "All-sort soup," was provided for them. It was a most wretched place. He sat on a dilapidated chair, destitute of linen, with a wretched coat buttoned close up to his neck; a greasy cap lay on his forehead; his hair, brown and wavy, was yet rich and glossy; one foot was naked, the other was thrust into an old India-rubber shoe. He sat there with his feet stretched out, his arms folded, asleep and snoring. Several of the wretched victims of this vice

were seated around the room. The landlord came in.

"Look here ! wake up, here ! What are you doing here ? Wake up !"

"What are you talking to me in this way for ?"

"I will let you know what I talk in this way for ; get out of my house !"

"What do you mean ?"

"I won't have you hanging around here any longer ; you have become a complete nuisance ; get out, with you !"

"What do you talk to me in this way for ?"

"I will let you know what I mean, if you don't get out."

"Don't lay a hand on me. I tell you, sir, look out before you arouse the devil in me. Don't touch me. What do you talk to me in this way for ? When I first came to your house, you treated me civilly ; you took my money for liquor and for treating others ; you gave me the best bunk in your house, and you have often put me to bed when I was drunk. What do you talk to me in this way for now ?"

"What do I talk to you in this way for ? Because you are not the same man you were when you first came here."

"I am not the same man, am I ? That is true. Don't lay your hand on me, I say. He says I am not the same man I was when I first came to his

house. Now, I will go ; you need not put me out ; I will go. He says I am not the same man as I was. I don't look like it, and I don't feel like it. Look at me, and see what you, and such as you, have made me. I remember when I delivered the salutatory to my class, and now I am a nuisance. Now I will go. Good-by."

He staggered forth and fell in the gutter. They picked him up and brought him back to the house. The man would not allow him to be brought in, so they put him in a cellar on a heap of straw. They found out who he was, and sent for an old college classmate, who was practising as a lawyer in that city. He came to him, and said,—

"Why, Tom, old fellow, is that you ?"

"Yes, all there is left of me."

"This is bad business, Tom."

"Yes, as bad as it could be."

"Don't say that, old fellow, I have come to get you up and take care of you. I am not going to leave you till I get you on your feet again."

"No, it is too late ; I shall never stand on my feet again ; I shall die where I lie. He says I am not the same man that I was, and I shall die here ; I want to die here ; I have no hope."

"Why, Tom, don't talk like that, old fellow. Don't you remember the good old times ?"

"Yes, I remember them."

"Well, now, just cheer up."

"I cannot cheer up. Jem, Jem, will you kiss me?"

The friend turned and pressed his lips to the bloated face of the dying man, who then said, "It is getting dark."

"But, Tom, Tom, dear fellow, remember Him who said, 'Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden.'"

"Too late, Jem. Don't leave me! Oh, it is getting dark."

Straightening himself up, while convulsions shook his frame, he said, "This is the last act of the play that is played out," and he fell back dead.

Oh, my friends, it is an awful risk to take a wrong direction. Young men, do you know what the appetite for drink is? God forbid you should ever know by your own experience.--J. B. Gough.

Only a Vote.

A local contest was going on in W——, and Mrs. Kent was trying to influence her husband to vote "No License." Willie Kent, six years old, was, of course, on his mamma's side. The night before election, Mr. Kent went to see Willie safe in bed, and hushing his prattle, he said:

"Now, Willie, say your prayers."

"Papa, I want to say my own words to-night," he replied.

"All right, my boy; that is the best kind of praying, answered his father.

Fair was the picture, as Willie, robed in white, knelt at his father's knee, and prayed reverently :

"O dear Jesus, do help papa to vote 'no whisky' to-morrow. Amen."

Morning came, the village was alive with excitement. Women's hands, made hard by toil, were stretched to God for help in the decision. The day grew late, and yet Mr. Kent had not been to the poles. Willie's prayer sounded in his ears, and troubled conscience : "Answer your boy's petition with your ballot." At last he stood at the polling place with two tickets in one hand—one "License," and the other "No License." Sophistry, policy, avarice said : "Vote License," conscience echoed : "No License." After a moment's hesitation, he threw away from him the "No License" ticket and put the license in the box. The next day it was found. The contest was so close that it needed but one vote to carry prohibition. In the afternoon Willie found a "No License" ticket, and having heard that only one vote was necessary, he started out to find the man who would cast this one ballot against wrong, and in his eagerness he flew along the streets. The saloon men were having a jubilee, and the highways were filled with drunken rowdies ; but Little Willie rushed on through the unsafe crowd. Hark ! a pistol shot from a drunken quarrel, a pierced heart, and sweet Willie Kent had his death-wound. They carried him home to his mother. His father was

quickly summoned, and the first swift thought that came to him, as he stood over his lifeless boy, was : "Willie will never pray again that I may vote 'No whiskey.' "

With a strange, still grief, he took in his own the quiet, little, cold hand, and there, between the fingers firmly clasped, was the "No License" ballot with which the brave little soul thought to change the verdict of yesterday.—Sel.

A Terrible Resolve.

A number of young men, while preaching the Gospel at a country fair, were set upon by a band of roughs who did their best to insult and annoy them. A week afterwards, the ringleader, while drinking with a companion, reverting to their previous conduct said, "We'll drink together, we'll live together, we'll die together, and we'll go to hell together."

This was spoken on the Thursday, and on the following Saturday, whilst tending the scaffold of a building, his foot slipped, he fell backward, and a large stone which was being carried up, fell on his head, and in a moment he was in eternity.

Reader, "God is not mocked," and "He that being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." (Prov. 29 : 1).—Sel.

Mother's Last Lesson.

A mother lay dying. Her little son, not knowing of the sorrow coming to him, went, as was his custom, to her chamber, saying :

"Please to teach me my verse, mamma, and then kiss me and bid me good-night ! I am very sleepy, but no one has heard me say my prayers."

"Hush !" said a lady who was watching beside her, "your dear mother is too ill to hear your prayers to-night," and coming forward, she sought gently to lead him from the room.

Roger began to sob as if his heart would break, "I cannot go to bed without saying my prayers—Indeed, I cannot."

The ear of the dying mother caught the sound. Although she had been insensible to everything around her, the sob of the darling aroused her from her stupor, and, turning to her friend, she desired her to bring her little son to her.

Her request was granted, and the child's golden hair and rosy cheeks nestled beside the cold face of the dying mother.

"My son," she whispered, "repeat this verse after me, and never forget it : 'When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.'"

The child repeated it two or three times, and said his little prayer. Then he kissed the cold face and

went quietly to his bed. In the morning he went, as usual, to his mother, but found her still and cold. This was her last lesson. He has never forgotten it, and probably never will as long as he lives.—Sel.

No Time to Die.

A wealthy manufacturer in the Midland counties, said to his confidential clerk on Saturday night, "we cannot settle our accounts to-night, but must do so early in the morning."

On the Lord's Day morning, therefore, they resumed their work, which occupied them until three in the afternoon, when dinner was announced.

"Let us eat and drink," said Mr. D., "for to-morrow we die:" "not," he added, "that I have any thought of dying for some years to come."

The next morning, when at breakfast with his family, a friend called and said, "Mr. Darnoll, have you heard of the death of Brown?"

"No," said he, "is he dead? It is very different with me; for my part, I am so engaged in business that I could not find time to die!"

Uttering these words while rising from the table, he went into the kitchen, and while putting on his boots, fell on the floor a corpse.—Sel.

"I See Jesus ! He is Coming to Receive Me."

William Russell, the subject of this sketch, was born in England. And while in his youth, was led to Jesus under the straight preaching of a dear old saint of God.

At the age of seventeen, he became a teacher in the Sabbath school, a position he held until leaving for Canada in 1886. He expected to return in about two years, but God designed otherwise.

Under the influence of his new associates, Satan gained advantage over him, and he became careless and negligent in his duties toward God, so that the joy that once filled his soul departed, and love no longer reigned supreme. Then came a great trial. A young lady in England, whom he expected soon would become his wife, was suddenly called away. She left a glowing testimony behind. Among her last words were : "Jesus has come for me ;" "Jesus has opened a place for me." Her message to Willie was : "I will be watching for you, on the heavenly shore."

God used this affliction to bring him to his knees. Soon the healing balm was poured in, peace spoken to his soul, and he restored to the favor of God. From that time his life was one of deep piety. He had an extremely tender conscience, and would

weep in penitence, if he felt that in any way he had grieved God.

In 1895, he connected himself with the Holiness Movement Church, and was led into the experience of entire sanctification. This work of grace gave him such freedom and happiness, that the employees at the car-shops, where he sometimes worked, called him, "Happy Billy."

While on duty on the O. A. and P. S. Railroad, in January, 1897, an accident occurred in which he lost his life. The freight train on which he traveled, ran into an open switch. Leaving the rails, it plunged over an embankment, the escaping steam scalding him in a fearful manner. He lived about four hours during which time he preached powerful sermons to those around him. And as men from all directions hurried to the scene in order to give assistance, he exhorted them to prepare to meet their God. As the relief train was bearing him toward the city of Ottawa, he enquired of one who stood by, "Do you think we will reach it?" (Meaning the city, and before death came). Then he said: "I have but one desire, and that is, to see my wife and loved ones." When he felt that he would not live to see them, he said: "Give my love to Hannah, and tell her to take good care of the children."

For a time the pain was almost past endurance, but as death drew near, he seemed somewhat easier. The men gathered around him, with tear-dimmed

eyes, and listened eagerly to catch his dying words. The love of God welling up in his heart, and the foretaste of the glory so soon to be his, caused him to burst out singing that beautiful hymn :—

My Jesus I I love Thee, I know Thou art mine,
For Thee all the follies of sin I resign ;
My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art Thou,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus 'tis now.

I love Thee because Thou hast first loved me,
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree.
I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

When he reached the third verse, his strength failed, and turning to one by his side, he asked him to finish it, while his happy spirit followed the lines—

I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath;
And say when the death dew lies cold on my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus 'tis now.

Then looking up, with his face all aglow with the light of heaven, he exclaimed :

"I see Jesus ! He is coming to receive me."

A moment more and his happy spirit was forever with his Saviour.—Written for this work by R.R.P.

Keep on Praying.

One James Smith, an English laborer in the navy yard on the Thames, had a little boy, Johnnie, says the Wesleyan Methodist. James was a very

intemperate man. After the death of his wife, sorrow kept him sober for a while, but he took to his cup again, and, as poor Johnnie expressed it, "got badder and badder all the time."

One night the drunkard awoke, a most uncommon thing for him at such an hour, and lay very still, for he heard a sound. It was his motherless boy praying by his bed-side. He heard him say, "Please, God, make daddy a better man, for Jesus' sake."

James Smith could not sleep any more. He rose very early and went to his work. He came home early that night without having drunk a drop of liquor. His heart was melted. He said to Johnnie: "What put it into your head to pray for your worthless old dad?"

Johnnie told him it was because he loved him; and besides he had been to a Sunday class where the teacher had taught him the commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother."

The prayer was answered. James Smith reformed, and from that time lived a steady Christian man.—Sel.

Died Without Hope.

"The following sad incident," writes Evangelist E. C. Sell, "was related to me by a brother minister some time ago:

A young tobacconist, a bridegroom of three months, died of spinal meningitis at——, N.C., in 1892. He had never accepted Christ. In his last illness he was visited twice by the Methodist minister, who was forbidden by the attending physician to speak to him on the subject of religion. Consequently, he died without anyone speaking to him on that subject. His bride was sent from the room, and when death came and did its work, someone had to tell her that her husband was dead. A lady friend accepted the sad duty. Just at this juncture, the same minister entered the room of the grief-stricken woman, and she said to him, 'My dear brother, if you have any words of consolation to offer, speak them now. I never expected this. I felt that his strong arm would protect me from the world; but now he's dead—my Johnnie's dead—and the worst of all is, he died without hope—he's lost!' Lifting her hands toward heaven, she cried, 'O God, I can't stand it; if Johnnie is in hell, let me go there too.' She continued, 'Knives can't cut to hurt like this; fire can't burn to torture like this; blows can't fall fast and thick enough to wound like this. Can it be possible my Johnnie's lost? Save me, O God, from the knowledge of this thought.'

Poor woman! May the good Lord comfort her. Surely death to the sinner is a hideous monster, filling the hearts and homes with sorrow; but thanks be unto God, to the Christian, it 's the messenger of release."—Sel.

Touching Fidelity of a Little Boy.

It was a forlorn sight in the police station that night. A drunken father, blear-eyed and bloated, to whose hand a child of five years old clung with a tenacious grasp.

"What's this man brought in for?" asked the police sergeant.

"Disorderly conduct, throwing stones at people, cursing and swearing," was the reply.

"Very well, put him into the cell. But stop; there's the child."

The little fellow was an exceptionally beautiful boy. He had grave blue eyes, so large and so pitiful that their glance appealed to the sergeant's stout heart. His complexion, where it was not discolored by dirt and tears, was the finest and fairest. His lips were like cherries. His yellow hair curled thickly over a noble-shaped head.

"That man has seen better days," says the sergeant to himself. "Come, my boy, your father must go in the cell. We'll find a place for you, somewhere."

"No, no, sir; O no!" cried the boy in a terrified voice. "I go with father. O please, don't take me from my father."

"But, child, you must. See here, Colbert, you must take the child away."

Easier said than done. The little fellow caught his father's hands, clung to his body, which staggered to his touch, all the time screaming in heart-broken tones that he must, he would go with his father.

"L'm 'm 'lone," said the man, seeming to come out of his stupor for a moment. "Don' ye see—he's got nobody but me? L'm 'm 'lone."

"I can't allow the child to go into the cell," said the sergeant, "but I can't bear to hear his cries. I suppose there is nothing else to do. He must go. Put them in together, Colbert."

So they were put in together in the damp, stifling den, and the door was shut. The little fellow cuddled himself against the half insensible form, and laid his head upon his father's bosom. So they slept together.

The faint light looked in through the grimy bars when on the following morning the father awoke and bestirred himself. Of course, as is usually the case, he wondered where he was and how he came there. The last thing he remembered, he had gone into a public house alone and drank a few glasses, and then recollection ceased. Where was his hat? Where was his coat? And looking around, he cried out in agony.

"O God, forgive me! There's little Benny.

Yes; there was little Benny, the pure fair child, the idol of a broken-hearted mother. There was

little Benny, and he had spent the night in this hole.

The man beat his breast, as he looked down on the bright, curly head.

"Husband and child both," he muttered bitterly. "Too bad, too bad!"

At that moment the blue eyes of the boy opened. He raised himself in wonder, but he met his father's gaze, and he smiled like an angel.

"The bad man put you in here, father, but I wouldn't let him take me. You didn't know anything, father, when I found you in the street. You lost your hat—I suppose the wind took it—and the boys were all laughing. You was sick, wasn't you father? And when the bad man took you off, I came too. Now let's go home and tell mother all about it. Let's tell her we were stolen!" and the dear unconscious little fellow laughed merrily over the brilliant idea.

But that father! His heart was touched as it never had been touched before. He could not speak—could scarcely think. What was the mother suffering that moment? And this awful sin that led him into its toils—it never had looked to him as it looked now, within the unsightly cell, the faint light lying on the curls of his innocent boy.

And when they went out, there stood the mother, who half distracted, had been wandering and searching all night. O what a sight for her gentle

loving eyes ! With a wild cry she fell upon the neck of the child, and drawing him away, sank to the floor with him sobbing as if her heart would break.

Such are the sad scenes that God sees and which policemen see from day to day. Poor maniacs ! poor wives ! poor children ! who shall protect you from this dire and deadly curse ? Who shall deliver you from this dark and terrible thrall ?—Sel.

Dolly's Prayer.

(Sunday Friend.)

'Good-bye, Bessie, God bless you, my girl, and the little ones, and let me come back to you, if it please Him ; but if not—' and Jack Newton's voice grew husky—'if not, lass, He'll take charge of you, and you'll know your Jack died doing his duty.'

'Jack, oh ! Jack, come back to me and the children !' sobbed Bessie.

'If it be His will,' replied Jack, then kissing his little four-year-old daughter, he added, 'Dolly, say a prayer for daddy every night.'

* * * * *

The parting was over, the great vessel had steamed out of dock on her journey to South Africa, and Bessie with her two little ones was once more at home in their tiny room.

She had undressed them, and now they knelt at her knee to say their evening prayer. Dolly usual-

ly repeated it after her mother , but baby Doris was content to say only the 'Amen' at the finish.

'Now one for daddy, all to himself,' said Dolly.

'Say what you like, dear ; ask God what you will,' said Bessie, her full heart flooding her eyes with tears.

Dolly looked up one moment, and seeing her mother weeping, bowed her little head again and added :

'Please, Dod, bress daddy on the big sea water ; don't let the big ship sink down to the bottom, and don't let a big fish eat him like it did Jonah, and don't let anybody shoot him in the fight, and—and bring him home again, and that's all, for Jesus' sake.'

* * * * *

There had been a terrible battle ; one of those in the early days of the war, when the British were outnumbered by the enemy, and in some cases had to retreat and leave some of their wounded in the hands of the Boers.

It was in that terrible fight at Nicholson's Nek, when a portion of our army were surrounded and cut off from the main body. It is well known how bravely they fought and fell, until, ammunition spent, the survivors were forced to surrender.

Among the wounded was Jack Newton. He was lying upon the ground unable to raise himself, and feeling his last hour was come, when a friend and

comrade crawled towards him, also suffering from several flesh wounds, and a dreadfully mangled hand.

Jack smiled faintly as he recognized his friend, and after a few words upon the disaster of the day and the losses they had suffered, he added :

'You are not so badly wounded as I am, Charlie. You will probably recover, while I shall most likely die. Will you do me a favor ?'

Charlie promised, and Jack drew out his tiny leather bag containing the little money in his possession.

'You know my Bessie ; take this to her, and give it to her with my truest love, and tell her to meet me in heaven. Tell little Dolly that God has taken daddy home to Himself, where there is no fighting—kiss the children for me. God bless you !'

Jack was growing very faint, and when Charlie saw him close his eyes he thought that all was over.

A little later he was himself carried away on an ambulance, and next day he heard that Jack was among the dead.

* * * * *

That same evening upon which Jack sent his dying message to Bessie, little Dolly was entering the pearly gates: she had been ill with pneumonia. Now she lay still and quiet as if waiting for the angels.

'Mamma, you must say my daddy's prayer to-

night, I'se too tired ; no, p'waps I tan : "Dod bress daddy, an' if the Boer duns shoot him, send an angel to take him to heaven, where he won't be hurted no more, where there's no duns to shoot, for Jesus' sake, Amen."'

Dear little Dolly ! An hour later the angels came for her, and she was taken safely 'Home.'

* * * * *

Poor Bessie ! For her there was sorrow upon sorrow (for the tidings were sent to her of her husband's death), but in the midst of it all she was able to look up and say, 'Thy will be done.'

Weeks and months passed, when one afternoon a soldier knocked at Bessie's door. He had just returned from the war, and his hand was still in a sling.

Bessie recognized him at once as Jack's friend, and for his sake she welcomed him, and the more eagerly when he told her he had a message from Jack to her.

He told her of their last parting on the battlefield, but he was not prepared for the bitter grief of the poor young wife at the sight of the familiar little bag he laid upon the table, and he stood looking helplessly on, a silent witness of her sorrow, while little Doris tried in vain to comfort her with 'Don't try, mamma.'

* * * * *

'Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning,' and Charlie was destined to fulfil a happier task a fortnight later.

Jack was not dead as was reported, but, upon recovering from the swoon, had been seen by a Red Cross party, and, even then, was on his way home when Jack went to carry the good news to Bessie.

'Thank God!' she cried, tears of joy chasing the gloom from her face, 'Thank God, Dolly's prayer is answered, and He is bringing him home again.'

[And Dolly! There would still be that sorrow on the mother's heart, but there is comfort, too, in knowing that one little lamb is safely folded by the Good Shepherd.

Beck, the Sheep Farmer.

"None of your religion for me, lads. Give me plenty of money, lots of fat sheep and good markets, that's the heaven for me. I want no other."

Beck was a sheep farmer; a rough, ungodly man, to whom Saturday and Sunday were alike. Two of his "herds" had been converted, and in a becoming, yet faithful way, had testified the Gospel to their master, and warned him of his danger in living without God. The answer they received was as above. When the Christian lads heard it, they shuddered at their master's irreverence and indifference, and lamented the choice he was making for eternity.

Beck was successful as a man of the world. His flocks increased ; he made "plenty of money," but he was far from satisfied. As his property increased, so did his avarice, and without consideration of how it was made or who was wronged, he "made money." And his utter ungodliness grew apace, untill he, who had once been a religious professor, became a marked man for profligacy and sin. But God will not be mocked ; even in this life some men find that "the way of transgressors is hard." Three severe winters reduced Beck's flocks. Another year's profligacy ruined his health, and within five years of the day of his boast and choice, that he wanted no heaven other than money and sheep, he lay in a turf hut, dying alone. All his boon companions had deserted him. Those who helped him on in his hellward course were far away now, and his only attendants were the two "herds," both grown to Christian manhood and serving God in their humble sphere. When they sought to put the Gospel before him, to tell him of a forgiving God, the hardened man, whose conscience seemed like the nether millstone, said- -"It's no use for me ; I made my choice, and now the devil keeps me to my bargain." In bodily and mental agony the godless man passed into the eternal world, his last audible words being—"It was a bad, bad bargain, but it cannot be undone now."

Reader, take care lest you make one like it. If from any cause whatever, be it wealth, or fame, or pleasure, you are neglecting God's salvation, you will perish.

"I Must Pray, Massa."

Down in the State of Virginia, where the slave-trade was carried on, there was a certain slave whose name was Cuff. He was converted, and shortly after was taken (with a number of others) to market, to be sold. A purchaser came along, and enquired if the slave had any faults. He was told that Cuff had only one fault, and that was, he would pray and go to meeting. Oh! said the purchaser, "if that is all, I will soon whip that out of him! So he took him home, and Cuff, true to his convictions, attended meeting twice on the following Sabbath.

When Monday morning came, Cuff was called, and asked where he had been on the previous day.

He answered;—"I was at meeting, Massa," and bless de Lord we had a great time." "Well," said his master, "I told you not to go to meeting, and not to pray."

"Oh!" said Cuff, "I cannot stop praying, my Massa in Heaven commands me to pray."

"But you shall quit it," said his master, "or I will whip you."

"I cannot stop either of them, Massa."

His master (greatly excited) said, "follow me!"

The slave was led out, and after being stripped of his tattered garments, was tied to a tree. His master then took a rawhide and inflicted twenty-four strokes, on Cuff's bare back. He then said:

"Now Cuff, will you stop praying?" "No Massa," he said, "I will pray to Jesus, as long as I live."

His master repeated the same number of blows, and exclaimed, "You will stop it now, won't you?"

"No Massa," he said, "I will pray to my blessed God, while I live." The blood was running down to the ground by this time, but the master flew on him (with the rage of a tiger thirsting for blood), and beat him till he had to give up with exhaustion, and cried, "Will you stop your praying now, you nigger?"

Cuff replied meekly, "No Massa, you may kill me, but while I live I must pray."

Then you shall get this much every time you pray, said his master.

"He was untied, ordered to put on his clothes, and go to work. When out of sight and hearing of his master, he sang in low soft, plaintive, tones:—

"My suffering days will soon be o'er,
Then I shall sigh and weep no more;
My ransomed soul shall soar away,
To sing God's praise through endless day."

The master was in a rage all that day, and cursed the negro, and the God who created him. He retired to bed, but, could not sleep. He turned from side to side with unutterable groanings. Just before day-break he exclaimed, "I feel I shall be damned!" "Oh God have mercy on me!" He then, said to his wife, "Is there anyone about the house that can or will pray for me?"

"None that I know off," she said, "except the negro." "I am sure he will not be content to pray for me,"

"Yes," said his weeping wife, "I think he will."

"Then, for God's sake, call him!"

When Cuff heard the call, he expected another whipping. He had been praying all night. He went unto his master, and what was his surprise on entering, to find, his master prostrate on the floor, crying for mercy.

"Oh!" said he, "can you pray? Will you pray for me?" "I feel I shall be damned before morning!"

Then Cuff fell upon his knees, and wrestled with God, in behalf of his master, until morning came, and God broke the chains, and wrote a pardon on the infidel's heart. He then embraced his slave, exclaiming:

"Cuff, my dear brother in Christ, from this moment you are a free man!"

His wife also was converted, there and then, and they became one in Christ, and gave Cuff liberty to go and preach among his brethren. Cuff's master also became a successful minister of the gospel.—
Sel.

Love Conquered Her.

Just across the state line in Ohio, there lived an old woman who was the terror of all who had seen

or heard of her. She was finally arrested, and sent to the Columbus penitentiary. She broke every law of the institution, and they exhausted every form of punishment upon her. Times without number they had sent her to the dungeon, and for weeks at a time she lived on bread and water. Finally an old Quaker lady from the same part of the State asked permission to see her. The prisoner was led into her presence, with the chains upon her hands and feet. With downcast eyes she sat before the messenger of Christ. The old Quaker lady simply said :

" My sister."

The old woman cursed her, and then she said :

" I love you."

With another oath she said : " No one loves me."

But she came still nearer, and taking the sin-stained face in both hands she lifted it up, and said :

" I love you, and Christ loves you."

She kissed her face, first upon one cheek and then upon the other ; and she broke the woman's heart. Her tears began to flow like rain. She rose to her feet. They took the chains off, and until the day of her death they were never put on again, but like an angel of mercy she went up and down the corridors of the prison, ministering to the wants of others. The Quaker lady had spoken kindly to her.—Sel,

Couldn't Give up Praying.

Many years ago there was an insurrection in one of the West Indian Islands. Among other things the rioters resolved to break up the religious meetings of the slaves in the neighborhood. These meetings were generally conducted by an old slave called Uncle Ben. The rioters went to the negroes' meeting house at the time of service for the purpose of breaking it up, and not finding Ben there, they seized the leader of the service and put him to death, and with his head upon a pole marched to Ben's dwelling. When he appeared, the leader pointed to the bleeding head on the pole, and asked, "Do you know that head, Ben?"

"Yes, massa," said Ben, "I know him."

"Well, that's what he has got for his praying, and if you don't stop praying, we'll do just the same with your head."

Ben looked the leader full in the face and said, "Massa, do you mean dat?"

"To be sure I do," said the man; "and if you wish to keep your head upon your shoulders, you'll have to give up praying at once."

All were waiting anxiously, when the negro turned to his fellow slaves and said, "Brethren, let us pray?"

And then he knelt down in the presence of these

fierce, lawless men and poured out his heart in prayer.

He prayed that God would pardon their sin, and show them the evil of their ways, and change their hearts by grace. When he ceased, he rose up and went to his cabin. God's power was on the hearts of these rioters, so that they went away without offering to touch him.—Sel.

The Old, Old Story.

It was a place, where poverty had long made its home. By the fireless stove sat a man of rather powerful physique in a dejected attitude, his heavy, bleared eyes fixed upon vacancy.

In one corner of the room, upon a mean bed, a little child lay, and with closed eyes, pallid, want-pinned features, moaning, at intervals.

"Water, water," she cried, faintly, and listlessly arose the man and placed a cup to her fever-parched lips.

Her large eyes opened and fixed themselves upon his face.

"Father," she said, as a shudder shook her frame, "father!"

"Yes," said the man, stolidly. "Your mother's gone out to her work. Do you want anything?"

"Want anything!" exclaimed the child, faintly, gazing about the nearly empty room; "want anything?"

He caught her glance, and a spasm of pain contracted his features.

"'Vant," she again moaned, turning her head wearily upon the pillow; "it's always been want for mother and me, ever since I can remember."

The man's fingers worked convulsively as he replied:

"And for your poor old father, too, Lena. Don't forget your father, who loves you so well."

A smile broke over her face.

"Love me?" and her little hand timidly sought his. "O father."

"Forgive me, Lena," he cried, "forgive me. I were drunk when I struck ye down, and did not know what I were doin'."

"Drunk!" she said, simply. "Yes."

He bowed his head, while the tears trickled down his intemperate face.

She tried to lift her face to his, but a groan of agony broke from her lips

"Ye are sufferin', Lena?"

"My head, oh, my head," she moaned, stirring uneasily, and disclosing a much-discoloured temple. "It bleeds inside, father, I think; but never mind," she added, marking his shame, "never mind. You never struck me so hard before. I'll get well, though, and you know I—I saved mother, poor mother."

Her eyes closed, and seemingly she slept.

The man resumed his place beside the stove, his

chin dropped upon his breast, and silence—only disturbed at intervals by a faint moan from the child—filled the room.

The afternoon waned, and the chill of a November twilight presently shook the man's frame. Night had fallen when the door opened and a fragile, toil-worn woman entered the room. It was the wife and mother. The child stirred, and smiled into the compassionate eyes above her. "Mother," she murmured, "dear mother."

"Did ye get your money?" eagerly inquired the man.

"Only part of it," said the weary woman. "Mrs. Brown always leaves something over, yet, she has plenty of money. There are some cold scraps, if you want them."

"I'm not hungry," said the shivering man, "but I want to get Lena an orange or two. She's been asking for 'em," he added, in a low voice, turning his face from her sad eyes.

"I'm so tired," answered the wife, "and—and—I can't trust you, John, to go. You'll not come back."

"Yes, I will ; oh, yes, I will," he replied, eagerly, "and bring wood for a fire. I'll hev to watch by Lena while you sleep, to-night, and it's very cold. I'm a changed man, wife—a changed man. No more want, no more drink, no more blows. I'll be a MAN !"

A look of hope filled her eyes. She had caught at the straws of his promises, oh, how many times! but his tone this night was so convincing, the sob in his throat, the tear in his eye, so unwonted, that, despite the past with its broken promises and failures, a new hope, sweet and strange, thrilled her being.

She gave him the few bits of silver. He stooped over the child as he turned to leave the room, and pressed his lips to hers.

"Dear father," said the delighted child, "it's so long since you kissed me. Wake me up that way in the morning, and if I groan through the night don't think of the blow, but kiss me, and I'll smile through the pain, perhaps."

His eyes were dry now, and so was his throat; no sob, no tear.

"Where's father?" cried the child, as the minutes sped on.

"Gone to get you the oranges you wished, dear," was the answer.

"Oranges!" cried the child. "O, how nice; but mother, I didn't ask for oranges. We are too poor for that, little mother, too poor."

The wife's heart sank.

"A lie," she muttered, "a lie built upon the sufferings of his child. Alas! he will not come back!"

Hours passed. Colder, and colder grew the room. Shivering, the mother lay beside the child, the scanty covering over both.

"I am ill, I fear," she murmured, "and there's such a pain at my heart."

Ever and anon, the child groaned.

The clock from an adjoining steeple struck one.

"Has father come?" cried the little one, opening her eyes.

"No! he will be here presently, though," wearily answered the mother.

The clock struck three.

"Has father come?" more faintly now the question.

"No, my child, no."

The white dawn of the morning crept into the room. The mother slept, the little one ceased to groan. The sun lifts up his head, and rosy-red blushes the dawn. Smilingly the god of day arises and peeps into the attic window, creeps over the floor and shyly kisses the face of the sleeping mother and child.

Eight o'clock rings out from the steeple.

"Father," suddenly cries the child, unclosing her heavy eyes, "come, kiss me, good-morning."

The mother made no response.

Lena's eyes closed again.

Nine, from the steeple struck.

Hark! a heavy footfall upon the stairs, a fumbling at the latch.

Father has come home.

"In bed yet," he mutters angrily.

"Here, get up," shaking the sleeping woman's shoulder; "get up and make a fire, I'm cold."

His wife stirred not.

Waveringly, he makes his way to the chair beside the empty stove, his head droops upon his breast, then sinks into a drunken slumber.

Noon passes. No movement breaks the silence. Twilight again, ere the man raises his head. Dazedly, at first, he gazes about him, then recollection sits enthroned.

"Lena," he cries, stooping over the quiet little figure, "Lena, father was too late to kiss you good-morning, but, he will to-morrow, indeed he will. Your father is going to be a man."

Cold and rigid were the lips he touched with his. "Dead!" he cried, starting back, "dead! Wife, wife wake up; see, our Lena is dead."

The wife made no movement, and in terror he turned his face to her whose lips were forever dumb, whose ears were forever closed to his frail promises; eyes, to which his vain words had brought the last gleam of hope, closed in an eternal sleep.—Sel.

No Time to Lose.

A gay young woman came up to London. Curiosity led her to hear a sermon, which cut her to the heart. One standing by, observed how she was affected, and took occasion to talk with her. She la-

mented that she should hear no more such sermons, as she was to go into the country the next day ; but she begged her new acquaintance to write to her there, which she promised to do. In the country her convictions so increased that she resolved to put an end to her life. With this design she was going up stairs, when her father called her, and gave her a letter from London. It was from her new acquaintance, who told her, "Christ is just ready to receive you : now is the day of salvation." She cried out, "It is ! It is ! Christ is mine !" and was filled with joy unspeakable. She begged her father to give her pen, ink and paper, that she might answer her friend immediately. She told her what God had done for her soul, and added, "We have no time to lose ! The Lord is at hand ! Now, even now, we are stepping into eternity." She directed her letter, dropped down and died.

A Spring, a Prayer, and a Ground Hog.

Those who attended the great Nashville Convention, and were fortunate enough to sit under the matchless oratory of Dr. J. T. McCrory, will need no reminder, concerning the remarkable facts set forth in the following lines.

Early in the present century, there travelled over the hills of eastern Ohio, a Methodist minister, by the name of Rogers. He was a man who had re-

markable power in prayer, founded upon an equally, remarkable faith in God. He had likewise, a number of wonderful experiences, in answer to his prayers.

On one occasion he gave out an appointment to preach in a community, nestling back in the hills of Belmont county. It was a very rough and godless neighborhood. A distillery erected beside a large, never-failing spring of water, the only one in the vicinity, was the source of the sin and debauchery, which cursed the community, and had driven all religious life into hiding. In spite of all this, Brother Rogers made an appointment to preach.

Some friends came to him on hearing of it, and said: "Brother Rogers, it is of no use to appoint preaching in that community. They will not listen to you; and if you persist they will do you injury."

"Why," asked the preacher, "are they any worse than others?"

"Much worse," was the answer; "that distillery makes them worse. It was built by that great spring without which it could not run, and it is cursing that neighborhood.

"Well then," said the minister, "I shall ask God to dry up that spring and stop that distillery."

The time set for the preaching service arrived. A goodly number of people, mostly from a distance, gathered at the appointed spot. After the services were opened by singing two or three hymns, the

preacher fell on his knees, and began talking with God. As he prayed, a mighty pleading pathos crept into his voice, an aspect of holy unction grew upon his face. He seemed to enter into the very Holy of Holies. Finally, he sprang to his feet, crying, "Glory to God! I have the answer. Within three days that spring will dry up."

Some of the people shouted with him. But the cautious souls were there also, and at the close of the services they cautioned the preacher not to talk that way; "for," said they, "if it does not happen they will make fun of you."

"But it will happen," insisted Brother Rogers.

And "happen" it did. In less than three days not a drop of water was coming from that spring.

The distillery was stopped. In a mighty rage the owner swore to have revenge on that meddling Methodist preacher. Learning that another preaching appointment had been made, he waylaid the minister and ordered him to dismount, that he might give him a thrashing.

"What for?" asked Rogers.

"For drying up my spring," said the distiller.

"I did not dry up your spring," said the minister.

"God did that."

"You asked Him to do it," said the angry whisky dealer, "and you must take the pounding."

"Do you believe," asked the preacher, "that God would dry up your spring because I asked him to do it?"

"He did it anyhow?" was the reply.

"Well, then," said the man of God, throwing himself on his knees, "I shall ask God to strike you dead right now, if you don't quit your wickedness and stop fighting His cause.

"Don't do that," cried the affrighted distiller, "don't do that and I will leave you alone."

This distiller was afterwards converted and became an elder in a Presbyterian church.

And now the higher critic and ground-hog appear on the scene.

"It was no miraculous answer to prayer," said a wise church-member who lived a few miles away; "it was just a ground-hog that dug through the hill from the other side and drained the spring the other way."

When Brother Rogers heard this, he said: "If God wanted to use a ground-hog to dry up that spring and stop that distillery, and if he got the ground-hog there on time, what difference does it make? He did the work anyhow!"

Under the influence of this godly minister, that place was redeemed and noted for its religion. Brother Rogers lived until about two years ago, when he died in the triumph of faith.

All the leading facts in this narrative are true, being vouched for by numbers of citizens in the immediate vicinity of the spot where they happened.

—Sel.

An Aged Couple.

The Rev. Mr. Holmes, at a Home Missionary meeting in New York, related the following circumstances :

"Being appointed an agent in this society, I visited one of the towns of Massachusetts, and, was accompanied by the minister, to a wretched hovel at some distance from the village. It appeared scarcely habitable.

"We entered, and my name and message were announced to an old and very feeble man, who was lying on a bed of sickness, and, as it proved, of death. His aged wife was also bowing down over the grave. "Before you speak of the agency" said the old man, "I wish you to pray with me, for I am very feeble and full of pain."

His request was granted, and the agency afterwards introduced. "My wife," said the aged Christian, "I think we can not do much, but we must do something for this object. How much shall we give?" The feeble woman replied, "I shall approve of whatever you think proper. "Then go," said the dying saint, "and bring ten dollars." She went, returned, and stooping down over the wretched, hard bed, said, "Mr. Well, I've brought fifteen dollars, and there's enough left to pay for the flour and those other little things." Oh, sir, said Mr. Holmes, that

I could bring the hovel and bed, and the man and his wife, and place them here before the eyes of this vast assembly, and we should never scarcely need to ask for more money. No, sir, we should not lack money for the missionaries, would we, but let the luxuries go, and only keep back enough to pay for "the flour and those other little things."—Sel.

I've Lost My Chance.

A young man, in the very flower of his days, once told the writer the following story, in answer to a question, as to why he was not spending his life for God and others.

"I was once," he said, "as you are, a Christian worker, and service for God, was a delight. For many years I gave of my best and was happy in giving, until, one day God called me to 'launch out into the deep,' to forsake all and follow Him fully. "But," he continued slowly, "I thought of my wife and two children, of my comfortable home, of my paying business, of all I valued in the homeland, and I looked up to God and said, 'No.' That's three years ago," he said, "and now—" "Now," I echoed quietly, "what?" "Oh," he replied, with a mirthless laugh, "what's the good of speaking about these things? I don't know why you should have asked me that question: I must go," and he rose and reached out for his hat. "But," I answered,

breathlessly, laying my hand upon his arm, "you care still, don't you?" For a moment, he lifted his dark eyes to mine, and never shall I forget his look of remorse. "Care," he repeated hoarsely, "what's the good of caring now? I'm so involved in business, and with worldly men, that I hardly dare call my soul my own. Both my wife and I have backslidden, and never even go to Church, and, as for ever helping others—look, I'VE LOST MY CHANCE." Beware, reader, lest you lose yours.—Sel.

How God Answered Tassie's Prayer.

One Saturday morning early, as I was lifting up my heart to God, this message came to me from the Lord: "Send five shillings to little Tasman D—to-day." He was a little lad of nine years of age, who, eighteen months before, had given his heart to Jesus.

I gladly sent the money away that morning, with a little note to Tasman's mother, asking her to please take it for him. At the time I had not the least idea why I was told to send that five shillings, but afterward, from his mother, I found dear little Tassie had been kept from Sunday school because he had no tidy clothes to go in. His mother was a widow, with a large family to provide for.

The next day was his Sunday school anniversary, and Tasman so wanted to be there that he had said to his mother on the Monday before:

"Mother, don't you think Jesus could send me a new suit of clothes, if I asked Him?"

The mother, being a Christian herself, replied: "Yes, dear; of course Jesus could."

"Then I will ask Him every day this week," said the dear little lad; so he did.

The mother, as she listened to the simple prayer, thought to herself: "If I can possibly earn a little money this week, the child shall have that suit."

One morning she had seen, as she went to her work, a nice little suit marked 4/11, which she felt sure would just fit him. But, alas! when Friday night came, instead of having more money that week, she had less, through some neglecting to pay her; and when, on Saturday morning, little Tassie came down to breakfast with such a bright face, saying, "Mother, my new suit is coming to-day!" she went away and cried, thinking how disappointed her little boy would have to be.

But God honored little Tassie's faith, for soon after, the five shillings I had been told of the Lord to send, came; and, as soon as the mother received it, with a glad heart, out she went, and bought the suit she had seen with such longing eyes in the shop window; and it fitted Tassie as if he had been measured for it.

So this little boy asked and received, and his joy was full, and you may be sure so also was mine and his dear mother's.

How good of our gracious Father to allow us to have the unutterable joy of being made from time to time the channel through which His good gifts may reach His needy little ones.—Sel.

“Pray For Me, I’m Dying.”

A young girl lay dying.

Her weeping friends, realizing that death was approaching, gathered around her bedside. All that medical skill could do had been done. Every means had failed to hold at bay the great enemy, Death. Loved ones could go with her to the river’s brink, but they could not cross over, her soul was going out alone to meet God. Her parents had neglected the salvation of their own souls and that of their dying child.

As the imprisoned spirit fluttered, to free itself from the temple of clay, she turned to her father and said, “Father, pray for me, I’m dying.” “I cannot pray,” he said brokenly, “I cannot.” Fixing her eyes on another, who stood by, she said, “Will you pray for me?” She was again refused.

Then clasping her trembling hands, she repeated the Lord’s Prayer. She said, she had not lived right, but God had forgiven her. She told her weeping sisters to be good, to pray, and to read their Bibles; and amid the tears of sorrowing loved ones, her spirit departed, and the scene was closed. But say, does not

that voice come back, think you, to that father and to that mother, as it fell from the lips of their departing child, "Pray for me, I'm dying?"

Death-Bed Repentance.

When a boy of fourteen, I was in church one Sunday, listening to the clergyman, when he said:—"My brethren, just before I came to service this morning, I attended the bedside of a poor woman, a member of this congregation, who was dying. I spoke to her about her soul, and she listened with great attention. When I pointed out to her the danger of meeting her God unforgiven, she cried for mercy, and a few minutes afterwards she died. I believe she has gone to heaven." I may not have given the preacher's exact words, but the impression they left on my mind was, "that a man might live as he liked, and that on his death-bed he might cry for mercy, be forgiven, and go to heaven.

As I sat in the church, I said to myself, "That is exactly what I will do, and I will enjoy life in my own way." I deliberately formed this resolution and live accordingly. I joined in all the pleasure going on around me, and tried to keep God out of my thoughts. If any one talked about the possibility of going to hell, "No, No," I used to think I am going to cry for mercy on my death-bed.

Years passed on. I joined the army, and, in

1870, sailed with my regiment to India. I lived a careless, godless life, trying to forget the eternity which lay before me, "What will be the end of the life I am leading?" But Satan always had his answer ready. "On my death-bed, I am going to cry for mercy."

During the first year of my life in India, I obtained leave of absence for a few days, got wet through while shooting, and returned to the cantonment suffering from an acute attack of illness. I was living at that time in the same bungalow as one of our regimental surgeons, G——, with whom I was on very intimate terms. When he came to my bedside to prescribe for me, I saw he looked grave, so I said to him, "What do you think of me, G——?" Will you, kindly, tell me, honestly, if you think I am going to die, as I wish to know?" He replied, with some hesitation.

"To tell you the honest truth, I think, unless you take a decided turn for the better, within one hour, you will probably be dead in two or three hours. "Thank you," I answered, "then, will you kindly leave me by myself, and come back to see me at the end of an hour?" G—— left me alone. "And now," said I, "the time has come of which I have thought so often, "I must cry for mercy." I looked at my watch and noticed the exact time. After lying quietly for a few minutes to collect my thoughts, I looked again at my watch, and found that a quarter

of an hour had slipped away. I was startled, but repeating to myself, "now, I must cry for mercy," lay back on my bed. My thoughts flew to my home in England, and I wondered how those I loved, would hear of my death, and what would they think and say, and again I looked at my watch. Only twenty minutes left !

In deep distress, I tried to think of the words in which I should "cry for mercy," but could not think of any words whatever. Then I sank down upon the pillow, and realized, to my horror, that I was so weak from my illness that, do what I would, I could not collect my thoughts sufficiently to cry for mercy. Once more I looked at my watch. Two or three minutes only of the hour were left me. I thought I should probably soon become unconscious. This roused me to a desperate effort, and raising myself on my knees, I tried, as a last resource, to say the Lord's Prayer. I began, "Our Father which art—" but this was all I could remember. I was too ill to recall what came next, and fell down upon my bed in anguish, but fully realizing that on my death-bed it was too late to "cry for mercy." It pleased God to spare my life, and some time after I heard the Gospel of free and full salvation. The preacher pointed out that "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," and that if any man came as a sinner to Christ, believing in Him, and trusting in Him, that very moment Christ would receive him,

however vile and sinful he might be, and would give him eternal life. "Now," cried he, "is the accepted time." It flashed across my mind. "What folly to delay!"

Through grace I came to Christ, and since that moment have been blessed with the knowledge of my perfect safety for time and for eternity—E. H. F.

Gospel in a Sentence.

There was once a caravan numbering in its company a godly and devoted missionary. As it passed along a poor, old man was overcome by the labor and heat of the journey, and sinking down, was left to perish on the road. The missionary saw him, and when the others had passed along, kneeling down by his side, whispered in his ear, "Brother, what is your hope?" The dying man raised himself a little to reply, and with great effort answered, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin," and soon expired.

The missionary was greatly astonished at the answer, and in the calm and peaceful appearance of the man, he felt assured he had died in Christ. "How or when," he thought, "could this man, seemingly a heathen, have gotten this hope?" As he thought of it he observed a piece of paper grasped tightly in the hands of the corpse. He succeeded in getting it out. What do you think was his surprise and de-

light when he found it was a single leaf of the Bible, containing the first chapter of the first epistle, in which these words occur! On that one page the man had found the Gospel of salvation.—Sel.

A Sad Picture.

A prominent business man in B—— had two sons, handsome, manly little fellows, three and five years of age. One day after starting for his place of business, this man was seen to return hurriedly to the home, which he entered and at once went up stairs to the room where these two boys were supposed to be innocently playing. Upon entering the room the father demanded the cigar which he had seen his five-year-old boy smoking at the window. With a ready falsehood the child sought to cover his act; but examination of a box of cigars left there by this father, not only one, but several cigars were found to be on fire, having caught from the lighted one thrust recklessly into the box by the detected young smoker.

Fourteen years later friends were called to the bedside of this son. Thin as a skeleton—with yellow skin—deep purple rings under the sunken eyes, lips parched and black, no food has passed his lips for days, no food could ever again reach the stomach, which was so drawn and puckered and rigid, that a

common wash-board resembled it most, so stated the attending physician. But the most terrible trouble was the throat, completely closed to God.

Listen, he speaks : "Oh ! mother, mother, I am willing to die, if, by my death, Charlie can be saved. Tell him to come to me. Oh ! Charlie, brother !" catching his brother's hand with a death grip, "promise me to quit cigarette smoking ; look at me. I can't stop now, I will be dead in a short time, but you can save yourself. Will you promise me, Charlie ?"

Charlie's fingers grew cold, while his entire frame shook with convulsive weeping. "I can't ! I can't stop now," was the stifled, agonizing cry of this slave—only sixteen years of age.

A few days, and Charlie's only brother was dead. The father, home from his business, the aged grandfather in his easy chair, sat in the darkened rooms all through the civilized waiting days, before the interment of the household—the eldest born. Where did these mourning ones turn for consolation ? To the Lord, who gives and takes away ? No, no, the air was blue and heavy with tobacco smoke. The dead boy was laid in the churchyard, and all sorrow was soon drowned in fumes of the pipe, cigar, and cigarette.

It would seem as though a civilized—say nothing of a Christian—man, having at heart, the welfare of his only remaining boy, with the awful experience

just past through, from the effects of nicotine poison on the system of his eldest born, would have made every effort to save the other son. Only a befogged intellect, a heart with the wash-board ridges—brutalized, hardened by this mighty agent, tobacco poison—could have so transformed this father and given us this sad picture. Sad, but true. And it is by no means an isolated case. In every town—in many homes, might be found its counterpart. Mother's hearts heavy, eyes tear dimmed, and all because the husband and father is, by example—for most boys have the ambition to "be like papa when I grow up"—blighting the pure clean life of their boy. Fathers, can you read this "handwriting on the wall?" Boys, dare you "take the risk of becoming like Charlie's brother?" Yes, even like Charlie, who owed to the slavish chains of tobacco.—Sel.

The Deliberate Choice.

Isabel C. was a pupil in a seminary for young ladies. Possessed of fine abilities, interesting in person, and exerting a strong influence upon her mates, her teachers were deeply solicitous for her conversion.

A few years since, this seminary was visited by a precious outpouring of God's Spirit, and none were more interested than this young lady. But some obstacle lay in her path, so that, while acknowledg-

ing her duty and her danger, she weepingly refused to become a Christian. One of the teachers, greatly distressed on Isabel's account, after repeated interviews, drew from her the fact that she was engaged to marry a man who would not merely oppose, but refuse to marry, a Christian woman. With many tears, and prayers, and entreaties, the kind teacher set before the misguided girl a more excellent way, imploring her to choose Christ rather than the pleasures of sin for a season, assuring her that He would abundantly make good to her this earthly loss. Finally Isabel consented to spend the next two hours pondering this question, adding, that, if she concluded to give herself to the Saviour of sinners, she would that evening, give the usual sign by a short prayer in the school prayer circle.

Ah, with what anxiety did the few loving friends who knew of her condition watch for that prayer, straining their ears to catch the faintest whisper! But her lips were sealed.

Meeting her teacher at the door as they were about to separate, in answer to her look of anguish, Isabel said: "I cannot, Miss Strong. Charlie will hate me!"

From that hour, God's Spirit departed. She grew trifling and giddy, soon left the seminary, and became the gay, fashionable wife of the man for whom she had bartered her soul. While on a pleasure excursion soon after, she was thrown from a car-

riage, receiving injuries, from which she died in a few days. During all those days, she pierced the hearts of her friends, crying, "Charlie, I've lost my soul for love of you ! I refused Christ, and now He refuses me !"

Dear Reader, if you have not yet decided the momentous question, whether you will choose Christ or something that interferes, pray take this lesson to heart. God will not be mocked. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Gal. vi.: 7.—Sel.

She Died to Save Them.

It was just midnight ; the streets of a little town were well-nigh deserted, and peace and quiet reigned around, when, suddenly, the terrible cry of "Fire! Fire!" was heard, and quickly the deserted streets seemed all alive, and from many an opened window the question was eagerly asked, "Where?"

"At a lodging-house, in such a part," was the reply ; and before many minutes had elapsed the streets were filled with hurrying feet and eager faces, all pressing on to the scene of the disaster.

The house in which the fire was raging, was let out in separate apartments to different families, and the first thought was to save the lives of the inhabitants, for even now the flames had reached the staircase, and great difficulty was experienced in going

up and down ; but at length the welcome sound was heard, "All are saved !" and then busy hands went to work at the engines, trying, if possible, to save the building.

But, in the midst of the bustle and confusion, a cry of horror ran through the crowd, as a young woman, with a child in her arms, appeared at a window in the top storey, loudly calling for help. She had been forgotten in the panic, and had slept on, until awakened by the smoke and noise, to find the staircase in flames, and all way of escape cut off. For a moment every one in the crowd seemed paralyzed—they had no fire-escape with which to mount and save her.

What was to be done ? Presently a rope was found, and strong men, mounting to the top of a roof close by, made a noose in it, and quickly managed so to drop it that the young woman could catch it at the window.

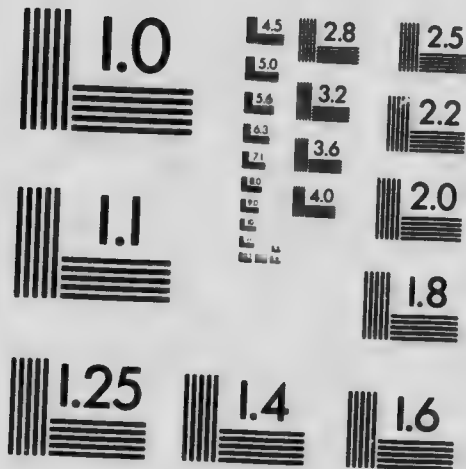
The crowd below watched with intense interest, while, with loving hands, she fastened the rope round the child, and then carefully the men above lowered it, and kind arms received and bore the little one to a place of safety. And as quickly as possible the rope was sent up again, for, ere this, flames had reached the window, but a fresh cry of horror was heard, as the young woman appeared again, holding another little child.

"Save yourself," cried some, for by this time the



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slight garments which enveloped her had caught fire ; but, heedless of herself, and of their cries, she made the rope fast round the second little one, and watched it with intense eagerness, until she saw it was safe.

And now once more the rope was hoisted. In a moment she seized it, bound it round her waist, and was speedily lowered, and notwithstanding the flames which enveloped her, many a kind hand was stretched out to receive and bear her gently to the ground. It was too late to save her—nothing that could be done availed ; the injury the fire had inflicted on her was too great. In a short time she died. She had saved others. The two little ones were lovingly sheltered in some kind mother's arms. She could not save herself and them. She had risked her own young life and lost it, to save the children.

Just a faint picture of what Jesus did for us. He laid down His life for us. But the Saviour was under no obligation to save a perishing world. He laid down His life of Himself—no man could take it from Him. He had power to lay it down and He had power to take it again. He acted under the constraint of love.

It was the utter helplessness of the children that must have touched that young woman's heart. She was not their mother, though, she had charge of them, and loved them dearly ; but as she looked, and saw how utterly unable they were to save themselves,

she could not let them perish, and so, forgetting herself, she risked all for their safety. "When we were yet "without strength," Christ died for the ungodly."—Sel.

Cast Your Care Upon Him

A lady who had just sat down to breakfast, had a strong impression upon her mind, that she must instantly carry a loaf of bread to a poor man, who lived about half a mile away from her house, by the side of a common. Her husband wished her, either to postpone the taking of the loaf of bread until after breakfast, or send it by her servant; but she chose to take it herself instantly. As she approached the hut, she heard the sound of a human voice. Willing to hear what it was, she stepped softly, unperceived to the door. She now heard the poor man praying, and, among other things he said, "O, Lord help me; Lord, Thou wilt help me; Thy Providence cannot fail; and, although, my wife, self, and children, have no bread to eat, and it is now a whole day since we had any, I know Thou wilt supply, though Thou shouldest again rain down manna from heaven."

The lady could wait no longer, she opened the door. "Yes," she replied, "God has sent you relief, take this loaf and be encouraged to "Cast your care upon Him, for He careth for you," and when you

even want a loaf of bread, come to my house."—
Taken from Anecdotes on the Catechism.

"I Can See the Old Devil Here on the Bed With Me."

There lived at one time, in our neighborhood, a man, whom we will call Mr. B——. He was intelligent, lively, a good conversationalist, and had many friends. But Mr. B—— loved tobacco and strong drink, and was not friendly to Christianity. He would not attend church, and would laugh, and make fun of religion, and some of his neighbors he would call Deacon so-and-so for fun.

But Mr. B—— was growing old. His head was frosted over with many winters, and he had long since passed his three score and ten years.

At the close of a wintry day, in a blinding snow-storm, a neighbor called at our home, saying Mr. B—— wished to see my husband. Knowing Mr. B—— was ill, my husband was soon on his way. On entering the sick room, he asked what he wished of him. He replied, "O, I want you to pray for me." "Shall I not read a chapter from the Bible to you, first?" was asked. He assented. The chapter selected was, the fifth of St. John. While reading, Mr. B—— would say, "I can see the old devil here on the bed with me, and he takes everything away from me as fast as you read it to me, and there are

little ones on each side of me." After reading prayer was offered for him, and he was told to pray for himself. He said: "I have prayed for two days and nights and can get no answer. I can shed tears over a corpse; but over this Jesus, I cannot shed a tear. It is too late, too late! Twenty-five years ago, at a camp-meeting, held near my home, was the time that I ought to have given my heart to Jesus. "Oh!" he cried, "see the steam coming up! See the river rising higher and higher! Soon it will be over me and I will be gone."

The room was filled with companions of other days; not a word was spoken by them. Fear seemed to have taken hold of them; and some said after that, "I never believed in a hell before, but I do now. O. how terrible!"

Mr. B—— lived but a short time after this and then died as he had lived, a stranger to Jesus, with no interest in His cleansing blood.—E. A. Rowes.

How the Saloon Sent Papa Home.

(C. L. Hultgren, in the 'New Voice.')

'Won't you promise to come home just as soon as you are through with your work to-night?' Little Mrs. Brown looked up beseechingly into the big, red expressionless face of her husband.

'This is pay day and we do need some money so badly,' she continued; 'I have only a cold potato to

give the girls for lunch to school, and we can't get anything at the store until we have paid what we owe.'

The man addressed, looked down at the little woman before him, through his bleared eyes. 'Do bring your wages this time,' she pleaded. 'Yes,' he answered, apparently animated more by a desire to satisfy her, than by any intention to save his money.

'I almost wish you would swear that you will come right straight home to-night. It won't be very long until I will be strong again, and then I will get back all the customers I had before I became sick; then we will get along so nicely. Just think, how well we can do both working together for our household.'

Mr. Brown shambled off toward the railway to begin his day's work, while his wife remained at the door, watching him till he was out of sight. A ray of hope seemed to struggle for the mastery in her sweet, worn face. 'I believe he'll bring the money home to-night,' she mused. 'How long it is since he did!'

She re-entered the house and began the task of dressing the little tot of two, and getting the two older girls ready for the school. She gave them their breakfast of potato soup, and when they complained of not having enough, she poured more water into the kettle, and filled their bowls again.

'Mamma,' said little Amy, 'what will we have for

dinner in school?' 'Here it is all ready, a potato apiece; it is all there is left.' 'But, mamma, they laugh at us because we don't have anything but cold potatoes to eat.' 'Never mind, dearie; you can stop at the store and get some crackers and tell Mr. Jones that papa is going to bring his wages home this evening and then we will pay him.'

'Yes, but mamma, I know he won't; he wouldn't let us have any crackers yesterday, and he said "your drunken father had better pay what he owes before he sends around for more."'

Tears started to the eyes of the brave little woman, but with affected hopefulness in her voice she said:

'Oh, well, never mind, tell him that I am getting able to work again, and will soon have as much as I can do, and then he won't have to wait so long for his money.'

Only half reassured, the girls started out, and with a heavy heart their mother went about doing the little housework that remained. The thought, 'Oh, if he will only bring home a little money,' kept repeating itself in her mind. Then, the thought of what would happen if he did not, seemed to fill her with an unutterable dread, and a feeling of anxiety that would not be thrown off.

She had a little washing to do, and by taking frequent rests, she managed to keep her work going. In order to look after and amuse her baby she put

this little two-year-old out in the sunlight, where he crowed and tried to catch the sunbeams in his tiny hands.

The day dragged slowly toward its close. The girls had long since returned from school and brought with them the information that Mr. Jones had given another unkind refusal to their request for more crackers on credit, and that they were so very hungry.

Mrs. Brown comforted them with the trembling assurance that 'papa will soon be home,' and then they would get something to eat.

'You may go to meet him now, if you want to,' she said finally, 'but don't go farther than the gate this side of the railway.'

They went, and the poor mother tried to comfort her baby, who, finally cried himself to sleep, thus giving his mother the comfort of knowing that in sleep, at least, his hunger was forgotten.

It grew dark, and the girls returned to their home without their father, their faces pinched and tear-stained.

'He will come soon,' said their mother, 'and surely he will bring a little money,' she added, as if despairingly clinging to a last forlorn hope.

'Go to bed and sleep, now, children,' she said, 'and you won't know how hungry you are.'

It was a difficult task to induce them to go to bed, with such a substitute for supper, but, after be-

ing assured again, and again, that she would surely wake them up 'as soon as papa comes home,' they went to sleep.

Mrs. Brown walked out into the yard, and looked down the road, through the darkness, listening for the slightest sound. After returning to the bedside of her children, she went out again. She walked down the road in the direction of the little town.

She hardly knew what course to pursue. Her impulse was to go down to the grog shop, and on finding her husband, try to get what money he might still have, but the memory of former attempts deterred her. She walked back and forth along the road. A feeling of bitterness and rebellion against a power that would allow of such a traffic almost choked her.

The Last Neglected Opportunity.

"Robert," said a sea-captain to a strong, brave, young fellow, with whom he was walking up and down the quarter-deck of a vessel which was sailing up the English channel, "I love you, my son."

It was a lovely, clear night, and the vessel was nearing port, after more than a year's voyage to foreign shores.

"I know you do, Captain," answered the young man, who was mate of the vessel. "You are my best friend. You took me when I was an orphan, moth-

erless and fatherless, and you have been so kind to me, Captain. I love you."

"But, Robert," said the Captain, "oh, I have asked you so often to give your heart to the Christ. I am afraid to have you go ashore without being a Christian."

"Oh," replied Robert, "you know I am going to get married; and if I were a Christian I could not drink wine, or take my wife to the theatre. I shall be a real Christian, Captain, when I become one by profession. You must not press me too hard."

But the Captain continued to plead with him, urging his increasing responsibilities in life by saying that when he next sailed from port he would be master of a vessel, and, concluding with "Let us tell God, now, that you will give Him your heart."

"O, Captain," pleaded Robert, "do not press me. I cannot do it now. I intend to be a Christian. Do not fear; there is plenty of time."

The captain burst into tears, and after one more futile effort, in which he pleaded that it might be too late, even to-morrow, he retired to his cabin.

He had no sooner reached it than he heard the cry that strikes terror to every sailor's heart, "Man overboard!"

The mizzen-boom had struck Robert while he was leaning over the side of the vessel meditating upon his conversation with the captain, and he had been thrown overboard.

The captain rushed on deck and ordered a boat manned, but without avail ; probably rendered insensible by the blow, that strong young man had sunk and did not rise to the surface.

It was too late ! too late !!

He had neglected Jesus ; expecting a long life, he did not live five minutes after his last neglected opportunity of accepting Jesus, the Christ.

Can you tell me when you will die: —Sel,

Pray in His Will.

A young mother's only child lay dying. Everything that love and skill could do was useless. The mother became frantic with grief and sent for a saintly minister to pray for the child's recovery. He came, and all went well until in his prayer he asked God to overrule in the matter of the child's life and that His will should be done. In an instant she was upon her feet. "No, I will not have 'God's will,' I want my child to live." The man of God tried to quiet her and explain the awfulness of her actions, and explained that "rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft," but, she was "set" in her way. She paced the floor, wringing her hands and crying, "He will not die. God took everything else, and, He dare not take my child." The minister could do no more but leave her to herself, and the mercy of God. He soon left the town and no more about the

case. But it had made a deep impression upon him. One day he was obliged to be present at the execution of a young man in the town where he now resided. As he watched the stalwart youth march fearlessly to the gallows he thought of the mother, who, no doubt, had bent every energy to make an honest boy out of him. A hand was gently laid upon his arm. By his side stood a lady dressed in deep mourning. She was hardly above forty years of age, but her hair was a spotless white, and her face bore lines of deepest distress.

"I am so glad you are here. I have something I longed to tell you for a long time. Do you remember about eighteen years ago, in the town of L—— you were called upon to pray for a dying child? That young man you see yonder, was the sick child, and I am that rebellious mother. I did not 'now then that 'rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft' or what it meant, but I know it now. He began to get better from that time on, and I have seen nothing but trouble with him ever since. To-day, at the age of twenty-one, I see him die the murderer's death. I would to God he had died then. But I had my way. I sometimes feel as though I could not live through it all. The Bible is true. 'Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.' I have brought this upon myself, and, to-day, I am reaping some of the bitter seed I have sown." The signal was given, the trap door sprung, and a few moments later the

mother went to receive the lifeless body of her son.
—Sel.

Beautiful Hands.

There is a story told of a mother, who had gone about her home with her hands always gloved; but one day her child came into the room and found the hands bare; they were horribly disfigured, and the child looked at them just a moment, then turned away with a sob. The mother called her to her side and said:

"My child, when you were just a baby, our house was on fire. There was no way to save you, except for me to fight through the flames; and, when I found you, the way of escape was cut off; but, I climbed from the window and dropped you into the arms that were upreaching to receive you. Then, when I started to descend by the trellis, built up against the side of the house, I missed my hold, and, falling down, these hands were torn by the nails, and disfigured, as you see. My child, they were torn for you."

And then the child put her face down into the hands, and sobbed again and again. "Beautiful hands! beautiful hands!" as she kissed them over and over. Well, may we look up into Christ's face by faith, and say, "Beautiful face! beautiful hands! beautiful feet! Torn and marked and scarred for us."—Sel.

A Brave Little Girl.

At a terrible accident in the coal-mines near Scranton, Pennsylvania, several men were buried for three days, and all efforts to rescue them proved unsuccessful. The majority of the miners were Germans. They were in a state of intense excitement, caused by sympathy for the wives and children of the buried men, and despair at their own balked efforts.

A great mob of ignorant men and women assembled at the mouth of the mine, on the evening of the third day, in a condition of high nervous tension which fitted them for any mad act.

A hasty word of gesture might have produced an outbreak of fury. Standing near me was a little German girl, perhaps eleven years old. Her pale face and frightened glances from side to side, showed that she fully understood the danger of the moment. Suddenly, with a great effort, she began to sing in a hoarse whisper, which could not be heard. Then she gained courage, and her sweet childish voice rang out in Luther's grand old hymn, familiar to every German from his cradle :

"A mighty fortress is our God."

There was a silence like death. Then one voice joined the girl's, and, presently, another and another, until from the whole great multitude rose the solemn cry :

"With force of arms, we nothing can,
Full soon are we o'erridden,
But for us fights the godly Man
Whom God Himself hath bidden :
Ask ye His name ?
Christ Jesus is His name."

A great quiet seemed to fall upon their hearts. They resumed their work with fresh zeal and before morning the joyful cry came up from the pit that the men were found—alive.

Never was a word more in season than that child's hymn.—Sel.

Dying Without Christ.

Mr. Arvine tells us of a beautiful young lady, about eighteen years of age.

During a season of revival, when many of her young friends were giving their hearts to God, the family physician urged her to become a Christian. She replied, "How can I think of becoming pious, when by doing so, I shall debar myself of the privilege of attending balls? Our minister says 'dancing is wrong.' If the Rev. Mr. — was our minister, I think I would venture to become pious, for he allows this innocent amusement." The physician reminded her "that she would yet see the difference between a life of amusement and a life of prayer."

Ere long, the physician was called to her bed-side, for she was dangerously sick. She asked an interest in his prayers. Subsequent events shall be

given in his own words. "A sort of low murmur or moaning was heard from her half-opened lips, yet, when called by name, she would open her eyes, and seem to recognize those around her. She continued in this condition, for several hours, during which period she occasionally uttered the most heart-touching and unearthly groans, I ever heard from a mortal being. They distressed me—they distressed us all." At last, putting my mouth to her ear, I said, "Mary Ann, do tell me what mean these unearthly groans which we hear from you? What is the matter, my dear child? If it is in your power to tell me, do, I beseech you." And never shall I forget the reply. She opened her once beautiful eyes, slowly raised her pale and attenuated hand, and fixing on me a look that made my soul ache,—such was its solemn intensity—she said with an audibleness of her voice, that utterly astonished us all :

'Doctor, Doctor, there is a difference between a life of amusement, and a life of prayer. Oh, it is hard to die without an interest in Christ!' She closed her eyes, her hand fell, and all was silent. Soon the earthly anguish of the sufferer was ended—she spoke not again."— Sel. from *The True Woman*,

Not Ashamed of Jesus.

There was a young woman brought up by an ungodly father, who had never taken her to church, or chapel ; and there's plenty of fathers and mothers, I believe, that will have to suffer the righteous judgments of the Almighty, for their conduct towards their children, in this respect.

Well, this girl went to a chapel, where Christ and Him crucified, was preached, as the only way of being saved, and it proved the power of God to her salvation. She told her father that she had been to chapel, and that the Lord had pardoned her sins. She says, "Oh, father, you never told me that I had a soul to be saved ; you took me to balls, and concerts, and theatres, and parties, but you never told me that I had a soul to be saved." The old father, seemed to be put out about this ; he said : "If thou goest inside that door again, I shall turn thee out of doors."

The devil harassed her, and told her to give up Christ, and not go ; but the poor lass determined that she would not be ashamed of Jesus. She went up to her closet, she took up the Bible and read these words ; "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

Next Sunday, when she came down stairs, the father said ; "Now, miss, where are you going this morning ? If you go inside that chapel, you must

not darken my door again." The brave girl went. The text was, "When my father, and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

The minister seemed to preach all to that young lady ; the tears flowed down her cheeks all the time. When she got home, her wicked, old father turned her out of doors. She would not tell anyone her tale, but she wandered away, until the dark winter's night came on. The storm was raging. She had nowhere to go, and in the dark midnight, she had to lie down by the wayside. When her poor old mother and father thought about her, they would have given the world to have had her back again. They sent the bellman round the town, to say that she had left home, but no one knew where she was. But a man who was going with a cart, passed the place where she was lying, saw the form of a female, and went to see who it was. She told him that, because she was not ashamed of Jesus, her father had turned her out of her home, and that her heart was broken. "Well," he said, "if thy father turned thee out, I will be a father to thee, if thou lovest Jesus !"

When he got to town, he left this young woman at an inn.

The bellman was just crying out that she had left her home ; the old father and mother did not like to say, that they had turned her out of doors. The man went to them and said, "You have lost a young woman, who would not be ashamed of Christ, and I can find her." He took her home.

The poor father trembled, when he saw her, and said: "My daughter, will you forgive me?" The mother clasped her to her bosom, and cried, "Will you forgive me? Poor girl! With a loving heart, like her Saviour, she replied, "Yes, I do forgive you—and may the Lord forgive you."

But, that night was the cause of her death. Before she died, she asked her father and mother, to allow her to have her coffin made, and brought home to her; and she said, "I should like to have my shroud made to lie in, and look at death that has lost its sting through the Blood of the Lamb, and smile at Him before I depart."

When they were brought, she was sitting in the easy-chair, and, her parents were standing by. She looked at the coffin, and at the shroud; and said, "Father, these are the robes that I am to be dressed in, till the resurrection morn." Then, she shouted: "Oh death where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be unto God, who giveth me the victory through the Lord Jesus Christ."

The poor old father and mother wept, and as the dear girl prayed for God to save them, the power of the Living God came down into that chamber, and they found pardon and peace, through the Blood of the Lamb.

Two Little Boys' Faith.

A story is told of a little boy, in London, who had both his legs broken by a dray passing over them. He was laid away in one of the beds of the hospital to die, and another creature of the same class, was allowed to lie down by the side of the little crushed boy. He crept up to him and said :

"Bobbie, did you never hear about Jesus?"

"No, I never heard of Him."

"Bobby, I went to the mission school once, and they told us that Jesus would take you to Heaven when you die, and, you'd never hunger any more, and have no more pain, if you axed Him."

"I couldn't ax such a big gentleman as He is, to do anything for me. He wouldn't stop to speak to a boy like me."

"But He'll do all that, if you ax Him."

"How can I ax Him, if I don't know where He lives, and how can I get there when both my legs are broken?"

"Bobby, they told me at the mission school how as Jesus passes by."

"Teacher says, as how He goes around. How do you know but that He might come around to this hospital to-night? You'd know Him if you was to see Him. But I can't keep my eyes open. My leg hurts so awful bad." Doctor says, "I'll die."

"Bobby, hold up your hand, and He'll know

what you want, when He passes by." They got the hand up. It dropped. Tried again. It slowly fell back. Three times, he got it up, only to let it fall. Bursting into tears, he said : ' I'll give it up."

"Bobby, lend me your hand ; put your elbow on my pillow ; I can do without it." So one hand was propped up.

In the morning, when the nurses made their rounds, they found the child dead, with his little hand held up for Jesus.—Taken from Y. P. G.

A Pathetic Story.

I was sitting at my breakfast table one Sabbath morning, when I was called to my door by the ring of the bell. There stood a boy about fourteen years of age, poorly clad, but tidied up as best he could.

He was leaning upon crutches ; one leg off at the knee. In a voice trembling with emotion, and tears coursing down his cheeks, he said :

"Mr. Hoagland, I am Freddy Brown, I have come to see if you will go to the jail, and talk and pray with my father. He is to be hung to-morrow for the murder of my mother. My father was a good man, but whiskey did it. I have three little sisters younger than myself. We are very, very poor, and have no friends. We live in a dark and dingy room. I do the best I can to support my sisters, by selling papers, blacking boots, and odd jobs, but, Mr.

Hoagland, we are awfully poor. Will you come and be with us when father's body is brought home? The governor says, we may have his body after he is hung.

I was deeply moved to pity. I promised, and made haste to the jail, where I found his father.

He acknowledged that he must have murdered his wife, for the circumstances pointed that way, but he had not the slightest remembrance of the deed. He said: "My wife was a good woman and faithful mother to my little children. Never, did I dream, that my hand could be guilty of such a crime." The man could face the penalty of the law bravely for his deed, but he broke down and cried, as if his heart would break, when he thought of leaving his children in a destitute and friendless condition. I read and prayed with him, and left him to his fate.

The next morning, I made my way to the miserable quarters of these children. I found three little girls upon a bed of straw, in one corner of the room. They were clad in rags. They were beautiful girls, had they had the proper care. They were expecting the body of their dead father, and between their cries and sobs, they would say, "Papa was good, but whiskey did it."

In a little time two strong officers came, bearing the body of the dead father in a rude pine box. They set it down on two old rickety stools. The cries of the children were so heartrending, that they

could not endure it, and made haste out of the room, leaving me alone with this terrible scene.

In a moment the manly boy nerved himself and said : "Come, sisters ; kiss papa's face before it is cold." They gathered about his face, smoothed it down with kisses, and between their sobs cried out : "Papa was good, but whiskey did it." "Papa was good, but whiskey did it."

I raised my heart to God and said : "O God, did I fight to save a country that would derive a revenue from a traffic that would make one scene like this possible ?" In my heart I said : "In the whole history of this accursed traffic there has not been enough revenue derived to pay for one such scene as this. The wife and mother murdered, the father hung, the children outraged, a home destroyed." I there promised my God that I would vote to save my country from the rule of the rum oligarchy. I there promised that a political party should never again have my vote, that was too cowardly to declare for absolute, uncompromising prohibition. There is but one such party, and I vote that I may finish the work at the ballot box, A system of government that derives its revenue from results such as are seen in this touching picture must either change its course or die, unless God's law is a life.—Sel.

Whipped to Death.

With bright anticipations for the future, I went out into the still night, walking thoughtfully toward home. Passing along the street in front of the Major's house, I was surprised to see the hall lighted and the front door standing open.

"What can it mean?" I queried, stopping, undecided whether to go on or in.

Impelled by a strange foreboding, I hastened up the walk and entered. In the parlor were chairs overturned, and fragments of a broken lamp lay on the carpet. I knocked, but no answer; then I rang the bell, but all was quiet. Pushing my way into the library, I found everything in confusion.

A cold chill crept over me, as I fancied I saw the work of a madman; and the fear of what he might have done made me tread stealthily. I groped my way into the dining-room and struck a match. Broken dishes were on the table and floor, and destruction reigned everywhere. Finding a small lamp, I lighted it, and pursued my search. The kitchen showed little of the ruin, and I returned to the hall.

Up the richly carpeted stairs I tiptoed, fearing every moment some dreadful revelation. At the head I stopped, thinking I heard a sound. Yes, it was a moan, and came from Elsie's room. I tapped on the door, but no answer; then turned the knob

and entered. Again I heard the moan, and going to the bed, saw the childish form stretched upon the white couch, dressed as though she had just come from below.

"What is the matter, Elsie?" I asked, but no reply. Touching her upon the shoulder she started and turned toward me, the large sad eyes looked frightened. As I looked at the sweet face, I saw dark, ugly lines that told something of the story to come.

"Oh, Joseph, is it you?" she asked feebly.

"Yes, Elsie," I answered; "but what has happened?"

"Sit down and let me tell you," she said, taking hold of my hand.

I sat upon the edge of the bed and drawing my ear near to her lips, she whispered:

"I fear father has the tremor again. He came home this evening, and when mother brought in his supper, he threw a cup of hot coffee into her face, and knocked some of the dishes to the floor. Annie became so frightened that she ran out, and I haven't seen her since. I quieted him, but it didn't last long. He got out of his chair and began breaking the furniture. As he threw one of the chairs, it hit me, and I cried. When he saw it, he grasped one arm tight and struck me with his cane, saying 'I won't have any babies around here.' I tried to stop him, but he struck me again, and I couldn't. Then

he whipped me, and whipped me, and dragged me around the room. When he let go, I fell down in the corner. Pretty soon I came too, and he was just breaking things terribly. I crawled out into the hall and tried to get up stairs, but my back pained me so I sobbed right out on the stairs. Father came in and swore fearfully, and wanted to know why I did not stop crying. 'I will, father,' I said, as I saw his black eyes, but he caught hold of me again and beat me till his cane broke. After awhile I crawled upstairs, but he came after me with another cane, and said he'd whip me till I'd stop my crying. I plead with him not to, but he did, till I fell down and thought I was dying. After a while I came to, and crawled in here. Oh, Joseph! I'll soon see mother! I'm all bruised and broken. I can't stir one arm, and there's a terrible pain in my side. Say good-bye to Alice and Mrs. Wightman for me; and say—good—bye—to—father. Let me kiss—you—for—him."

As I pressed my lips to hers, I felt the cold damp upon them, and a tremor in the frail form.

"Good-bye, Elsie, dear," I said, while the tears rained from my own eyes; and looking into her face, as I gently laid the white hand down, saw a sweet smile play over her features.

I hastened out, and had gone only a block when I met Dr. Bronson. With little explanation, we hurried back and entered the room.

The time of moans and suffering was past. Upon the sweet face was a smile, but the eyelids dropped and the pulse was forever still.

"Too late, Joseph. Elsie is with her mother," said the doctor, as his hand left her wrist. "Whipped to death by the drink scorpion, is my verdict, but a jury will say, 'Major Wright did it.' 'Tis false; he loved her too well."

Leaving the doctor to watch, I went to call Alice and her mother, and then started out to find the maniac. Meeting an officer, I asked if he had seen the Major. "Oh, yes," was his answer; "two of us run him in' an hour ago. He was wild as a loon, and strong as an ox. The tremens has him tight this time, and if he gets through, I'll wonder."

I hastened toward the jail, and heard his wild shrieks, a block away. Carelessly they had thrust him into a cell, where, he was beating the walls and bars, and making the night hideous.

"We must take him to the hospital," I said to the jailer. "Find me two or three good men."

A few moments later three strong men entered and we opened the cell door. A terrible struggle ensued, but the maniac was finally bound and carried to a waiting carriage. In the hospital he was securely chained on a strong bed, and four men waited and watched. In spite of fetters, he rolled and tossed, much of the time requiring our combined strength to keep him in place.

I shall never forget that night, for its horrors and cries of woes—the wail of a lost soul—will ring as long as I live. Boys, do you believe that the ear of a just God can be deaf to such cries? Do you believe a human soul can go down in such hellish tortures, and the great Creator take no note of it, or hunt out the guilty men who make it possible and profitable?

Toward morning the fury increased, the ravings grew wilder, and the coming dissolution was evident on every feature.

“He can’t last long,” was the physician’s remark, as he watched the heaving breast, and perspiring forehead.

The strangling scorpions seemed to close tighter around the doomed man, and furiously he tore and fought them, screaming at times, in an agony of despair, “Take them off; take them off; they are strangling me! Oh, Joseph! Can’t you help!”

His last hour was a fearful one. In his dying struggle, he tossed us four about as though we were boys. I can’t portray the scene; it beggars description; but if I could have had the vast army of men who legalized the institutions, that made it impossible to resist his appetite, pass by his bedside and hear his awful, dying oaths and cries, it seems to me they would repent in sackcloth and ashes, and arise in their might, and free this land and its victims forever from the destroyer. Would they listen

to tariff humbuggery, to political clap-trap, to the sophistry of demagogues, with such a picture painted on their visions, and such wails of the lost ringing in their ears? I don't believe they would, unless their hearts were deadened by the greed for gold.

Two days later, the mansion was thronged with a funeral concourse. Two caskets sat in the richly furnished parlors, where some of the broken furniture could still be seen. Rev. Bliss conducted the services and as he told how the innocent child had climbed the stairs, her great, loving heart breaking in sobs, that the brutal demon sought to whip out; how she threw herself upon the bed, to wait for the angels to carry her to her mother's tender bosom; and how, at last, the sweet life had gone out, with no earthly hand to hold, as she entered the dark waters, tears streaming from every eye, and sobs, made it difficult for him to be heard.

"This city loses one of its grandest men and heaven a star of glory, in Mayor Wright's awful death," said the grave pastor, "and who is to blame for it? Every man who helped place one hundred open saloons where he could enter them. God is writing an awful record in His judgment book; and every man, who has aided this double murder, nay, the many murders that have occurred in this city, will have to meet that record. We make excuses here, but there we will not dare offer them, or plead the success of parties, policies, or men in justification. Church

membership, honesty in business, or philanthropy in other lines, can not atone for deeds that bring such sorrow, blight and death."

"I say, brethren, in all kindness, that the hands of every one, who has helped to legalize these saloons, are to-day reeking with the blood of rum's victims. The church of Christ is suffering because men fear to follow where the loving Master leads. I would not be a true pastor, if, in the presence of these slaughtered ones, I fail to utter words of burning truth that should arouse each one to his duty. The past is dark, but we can make the future glorious by redeeming our land from rum's power, and making the 'banner of the cross' more powerful than the banner of gold or parties. Men can do this, but never by compromise with his enemies. If, by the death of these, we can be awakened, the sacrifice, though sad, may not be in vain. Were this the time and place, I would read the 'woes' pronounced in God's word, but the gaping wounds, the broken hearts, the silent forms of father and daughter soon to be laid away, are lessons strong enough for to-day."

Then, opening the large Bible, he read that wonderful closing chapter. I listened as never before to the words :

"And He shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.

"In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bear twelve manner of fruits and yielded her fruit every month ; and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.

"And there shall be no more curse but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it, and his servants shall serve him ;

"And they shall see his face ; and His name shall be in their foreheads ; and there shall be no night there."

The sermon closed, and a multitude followed the doubly laden hearse to the cemetery. By the side of the mother's grave, was a short one, for the golden-haired Elsie, and on the other side, one for the ruined husband. "Dust to dust, and ashes to ashes," was again said, and the fruits of man's inhumanity, covered by the rattling clods.

Alice and I lingered, while they filled the larger grave, and the crowd dispersed. As the old sexton came to the small one, he hesitated, while the tears trickled down his weather-beaten face. Looking up at Alice, he said : "I could not place her far away ; I knowed how the mother loved the bairn. I would like to put her in her arms to rest there durin' all the years to come, Miss Alice, but I couldn't. 'Tis one of the saddest funerals I ever knowed, and I've seen lots. I could count more'n a hundred here, killed by liquor, and the Potter's Field, over yonder, is full of

em. Tell you what, Mr. Strong, I'm most afraid to come in here at night, for fear I'll hear the lost ones cryin' for vengeance, or some o' the angels like Mrs. Wright and Elsie, weepin' over the graves," and the old man slowly, and carefully, began his sad work.—Sel.

Giving a Son to Jesus.

What is our great object in the reformation of the drunkard ?

What should be the great object of loving, Christian men ? To bring that man to Christ, and indirectly to use this total abstinence to that end. I have often said, it is grand to see a man fighting an evil habit, and none but those who have passed through such a battle, know what a conflict it is.

Orville Gardiner, of New York, was called the most wicked man in that city. More than once, since he became a Christian, he has been in my house ; and a warmer, tenderer heart than his, never beat in a human bosom. I have seen him sit and cry, as he said, "Only to think that Jesus should love me." He was a prize fighter, a blasphemer, a drunkard, in every respect a wicked man ; and there was nothing bad, that he would not do.

Let me say here to mothers, he had a godly mother. When they would say to her, "Well, Mrs. Gardiner, what do you think of Orville now ?" She

would say, "I have given him to Jesus; I pray for him three times a day, and Orville will be brought into the kingdom yet."

He had a wife and one child. The boy died, was drowned. He became more desperate than ever, almost raving mad. "Drink! Drink!" he said, "I drank sixty glasses in twenty four hours."

Soon after the death of his boy, he was in a saloon, drinking with several fighting men. The room was very warm and close. They were smoking, and he went out. It was a bright night.

Looking up overhead at the narrow strip of sky, visible above the narrow street, he saw two stars shining brightly. He took off his hat and wiped his forehead, and the thought struck him, "I wonder where my boy is." It flashed upon him that he was not on the right road, even to see his boy again. He went home and sent away two men whom he had been training for the ring; and then, went up to see his old mother, and they knelt and prayed together.

"But," he said, "mother, I cannot be a Christian until I give up the drink, and that is the hardest work of all. "Now," said he, "mother, to-day I will drink myself to death, or I will get the victory."

He bought a jug of liquor—it contained about two quarts of whiskey—and carried it in a boat across the river, went into the woods, found a clean space, and then set the jug down on a stone and began to fight it. "Now, it is give you up forever, or

I will never leave this place alive. I will drink the whole of you, or I will conquer you."

For nine hours that man fought and struggled with his appetite. He said, "I was afraid to break the jug, for fear the smell of the liquor would drive me mad. My knees were so sore from kneeling, while crying to God to help me, that I could hardly move. I knew my mother was praying for me. I kicked a place in the soft loam, and took up the jug, holding it at arm's length, and placed it in the hole. Then I covered it up and stamped upon it. And from that day to this not a drop has ever passed my lips."—J. B. Gough.

Our Hand in Christ's.

A little girl lay on her dying bed. She had been suffering from a sad and painful disease. The doctors had tried all they could to cure her, but, in vain. And now they had given her up. They could do no more for her.

Her father sat by her bedside, watching the look of pain on the face of his suffering child. "Nannie, dear," he said, and his lip quivered, and his eyes filled with tears, "do you feel sad at the thought of dying?" "No," dear papa, she repeated, as a smile lighted up her dying face: "My hand is all the while in the hand of Jesus and He will not let it go."—Sel.

The Curse of Curses.

The vilest habit that enthralls man, is the drink habit. What a fearful record it has made ! What desolation it spreads through the land ! That which is divine in man it will debase, degrade, and imbrute. Nothing good can be said for it. The late John B. Gough used to tell this story :

"A minister of the gospel told me one of the most thrilling incidents I have heard in my life. A member of his congregation came home for the first time in his life intoxicated, and his boy met him upon the doorstep, clasped his hands, and exclaimed, 'Papa has come home !' He seized the boy by the shoulder, swung him around, staggered, and fell in the hall. That minister said to me : 'I spent the night in that house. I went out, bared my brow that the night air might fall upon it and cool it. I walked up and down the hill. There was the child dead ! There was the wife in strong convulsions, and he asleep !' A man about thirty years of age asleep, with a dead child in the house, having a mark upon his temple where the corner of the marble steps had come in contact with the head, as he swung him around, and a wife upon the brink of the grave ! 'Mr. Gough,' said my friend, 'I cursed the drink. He told me that I must remain until he awoke, and I did.' When we awoke him he passed

his hand over his face, and exclaimed: 'What is the matter? Where am I? Where is my boy? Where is my boy?' 'You cannot see him.' 'Stand out of my way! I will see my boy!' To prevent confusion I took him to the child's bed, and as I turned down the sheet and showed him the corpse, he uttered a wild shriek: 'Ah! my child!'

"That minister said further to me: 'One year after that, he was brought from the lunatic asylum to lie beside his wife in the grave, and I attended his funeral.'"—Sel.

Forty Faithful Soldiers Frozen.

There was a Roman Emperor, who had among his soldiers, forty Christian men. On being informed of the fact, he flew into a passion, and said: "I will have no Christians among my men! Go tell them that if they will not turn from serving their God they will be stripped and sent forth upon a frozen lake, to perish there."

But the forty soldiers were faithful to Christ, and nothing would induce them to forsake him. So they were taken down to the side of a frozen lake, and there stripped of their garments.

Not far from the lake was a hut, in which was a large, blazing fire; robes, large sums of money, and also a sumptuous feast spread—all placed there by order of the Emperor, to tempt the men to forsake

Christ. They were told that even yet, if they would forsake their God, they would be taken to this hut, and all that was in it would at once belong to them.

All stood firm, and they were sent forth upon the lake. They gathered together, and the whole forty raised their hands to heaven and prayed: "Dear Lord, grant that we may be found faithful to thee."

But one of the number proved unfaithful; he forsook the lake, fled to the hut, where he obtained all that was promised.

The centurion of the band was so struck with the noble action of these nine and thirty men, that he resolved to join them. He, too, was stripped by his own men, and went forth to join the brave soldiers in the middle of the lake. Again forty hands were raised to heaven, while they prayed: "O Lord, grant that we may be found faithful to Thee!" Their prayer was answered, for forty frozen bodies were found next morning.—Selected.

"Again Entangled and Overcome!"

Turn aside for a while from your Christmas gaiety, and hear the story of one who thought that he stood, and failed to take heed.

If it had happened after fourteen months of running, well one would not be so shocked. But after fourteen years!

Tom loved two things—football and strong drink.

He knew they were enslaving him ; he could speak more feelingly than I can of their subtle, irresistible charm ; of how they drew him, and he followed, and how it was a downhill road, leading to death.

But while he was yet young, before all his best years were wasted, a new Power took hold of him—God gave Tom a new heart, and he became another man.

And he did run well. He was loved and believed in by all. Just as he had served his old master, the devil, when he was enslaved, so whole-heartedly did he serve his new Master, the Lord Jesus, after he was set free from the yoke of sin's bondage.

A Salvation soldier in his little native colliery town, all the people knew him ; and salvation was a thing revered in their eyes, because it had so wondrously changed Tom.

The record of his soldier days might fill a book. The story of his Local Officership would be of still deeper interest.

He walked the new path and lived the new life.

Temptations came ; some were sudden ; many were severe. But he met them in the strength of Jesus, and overcame them through the blood of the Lamb.

I cannot show you the spot where he first turned aside from the straight and narrow way. It was such a slight turn—that easier path ran so nearly

parallel with the way of the Cross—that at first it was hard to notice any difference in Tom.

Just a little cooling of his first love, a little dropping off of his old-time zeal, a gradual giving way to a strange desire for ease which seemed to be creeping over him; that was all that could be seen.

Oh, why, why did not Tom take heed? He knew he was growing cold. He knew his love for prayer was gone, and that it had become a difficult matter to keep on his knees and fix his mind on God even for a few minutes. He knew that his spiritual appetite was failing. Yet he tried to reassure his accusing conscience with such words as:—

"I'm all right. Nobody thinks I have changed. I've worked too hard, and had too little recreation. I must pull in a bit, or I shall kill myself. Why shouldn't somebody else be Sergeant-Major and give me a rest?"

This was the devil's opportunity. He sent a deputation of Tom's old companions to wait on him with a carefully-prepared temptation.

Would he go with their football team—to which he had once belonged—to see a match to be played in a distant village? No, he would not be asked to take part in the game, only to act as referee. Nobody else could do as he could. And for the sake of old times he must not refuse.

Good enough fellows, all of them. As fond of Tom as ever, though he had gone mad on the Salvation Army.

Did Tom agree? In his heart he did, and even while the first refusal was on his lips, he was busy devising reasons why he should presently yield. There could be no harm.

He knew he was doing a risky thing. But he spent a lot of time in trying to soothe his conscience with explanations and resolutions, and the day of the match found him among the rest, just as in the early days.

After the match the party trudged off to get some tea at a beer-shop.

"Tom, it's a bitterly cold night. Have something to warm you--in your tea, as a medicine"--this with a sidelong wink at the other fellows.

"Do, Tom; it'll do you good," they urged.

Tom felt sick at heart, and disgusted both with himself and everybody else. Where was the use of standing up for his salvation principles in this particular, when he had already given himself away in the eyes of the whole party--when his very presence in this beer-shop, on such an errand, was a denial to the professions of fourteen years?

Yet he resisted, for a great fear was in his heart.

But when they poured it out and bade him drink; when the fumes of the spirit reached his nostrils--on a sudden he muttered: "All right," and lifted the cup to his lips.

And after that Tom resisted no more.

The taste of the liquor was like fire. A fierce

thirst seized him, and would not be denied. Even his tempters became alarmed when they saw the awful effects of that first mouthful.

None of them drank as Tom drank that night. Oh, think of it! The shame, the disgrace, the pitiful degradation!

He knew nothing, cared for nothing. Drink, and more drink, and still more drink he must have, till they bore him home, worthy to be called a man no longer, but fallen lower than a beast.

The monster—the fiend—which had taken possession of him now was beyond any human control. During the days which followed, he went drinking, drinking, drinking, until he was carried, staggering and trembling, to his bed with delirium.

Oh, God! Oh, God! How can we tell it?

He woke to consciousness only in time to utter a warning which must be kept ringing through the earth, until the drink-fiend is bound, and cast into the bottomless pit.

"Captain," gasped the dying man, "I am going to hell through one rash act. The Major is coming here to-night—and I want you to make him promise—that on every platform he stands—he will, if possible—relate my terrible story. I believe the Lord would forgive me now—if I asked Him—but I would not—be so mean and cowardly—after the way I have acted."

These were his last words.

Even while the heart-broken Captain was still dumb with horror and distress, a terrible shriek broke from poor Tom ; he threw up his arms, dropped them again, and fell back—**DEAD !**

* * * *

No apology is offered for the telling of this story. It is told at the command of a dying man.

"Say not—"It is too terrible to be true," It is true.

"Watch, therefore, and pray, lest ye enter into temptation."—Sel.

Yes, Mister, He Rose Again.

T. R. Teske gives the following :

I was standing before the window of an art store where a picture of the crucifixion of our Lord was on exhibition ; as I gazed I was conscious of the approach of another, and turning, beheld a little lad gazing intently at the picture also. Noticing that this little mite of humanity was a sort of street Arab, I thought I would speak to him ; so I asked, pointing to the picture : "Do you know who it is ?"

"Yes," came the quick response, "that's our Saviour," with a mingled look of pity and surprise that I should not know. With an evident desire to enlighten me further, he continued, after a pause : "Them's the soldiers, the Roman soldiers, and," with a long-drawn sigh, "that woman crying there is His mother."

He waited, apparently for me to question him further, then thrust his hands into his pockets, and with reverent and subdued voice, added, "They killed Him, Mister. Yes, sir, they killed Him!" I looked at the little, ragged fellow, and asked, "Where did you learn this?" He replied, "At the Mission Sunday-school."

Full of thought regarding the benefits of Mission Sunday-schools, I turned away and resumed my walk, leaving the little lad looking at the picture. I had not walked a block when I heard his childish treble voice calling: "Mister! Say Mister!" I turned. He was running toward me, but paused: then up went his little hand and with triumphant sound in his voice he said: "I wanted to tell you, He rose again! Yes, Mister, He rose again."

His message delivered, he smiled, waved his hand, turned and went his way, feeling, I presume, that as he had been enlightened, he had done his duty in enlightening another.

Yes, sinner, Jesus died and rose again to complete the plan of your redemption. Shall He have died in vain for you? Oh do not let that thorn-pierced brow, those five bleeding wounds, plead in vain, but throw yourself, a guilty sinner, at His feet and be saved.—Sel.

How Willie Died.

Dear children. In the GUIDE you have often read of the happy death of some little boy or girl. How sweet it is to think of them going to live with Jesus forever ! But, now, I want to tell you of the very sad death of a little boy whom I knew well.

One Sunday evening, he listened so attentively while I talked from the words, "Go thou thy way till the end be; for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days," that the people spoke of his interest in the sermon. I said, "some one here to-night may find the end of their days before they ever come inside the church again." (And so it was, for the next time he entered the church, he was carried in by boys bearing his white casket.)

The next Sabbath evening, just as I was about to commence the service, his father came in saying his little boy was very sick and wanted to see me. The congregation having already assembled, I said, I must preach to them first. I did so. The people were greatly solemnized. Sobs were heard among the unaved. As soon as service was over, I hastened to little Willie's bedside, and found him suffering intensely. He said to me, "Oh, Miss Christie, I wish I was saved." I tried to point him to Jesus, but he would say, "I can't pray, I can't believe Jesus will ever forgive me." I sat up with him all night,

administering such remedies as I could to relieve pain. I prayed much for him, and during intervals of intense suffering would converse with him, but could make little impression on his mind. Once he said, "If I ever get well again I'll live for Jesus, if I can only get right with Him."

He continued to grow weaker, prayed some at times when pains were severe, but could get no grasp on God.

On Wednesday evening he underwent an operation, as the last possible hope of his recovery, but the messenger of death was already coming for him and the doctor's best efforts to save his life availed nothing. I sat by his bedside all night and watched him gradually grow fainter. I wept and prayed much, but he would not allow me to talk to him of salvation. He would frequently say, "Oh! I'm afraid to die and to meet Jesus."

A short time before he died he asked why we were watching him so closely, and then said, "I know why, you are expecting me to die to-day." We then said, you are not afraid to meet Jesus are you? He said, "Yes, I am afraid to meet Him, I've nothing to meet Him with." "I'm a sinner." "I'm a child of the devil. I've cursed God and swore at Him and now I'm afraid to meet Him." We asked, had Jesus not forgiven that since he was sick? He said, "No, and I know He won't, don't talk to me any more." He would not listen and demanded us

to say no more to him about his soul. I burst into a flood of tears, and prayed, or rather groaned, under the weight resting on me. He had not wanted me to leave his bedside before, but as I was leaning over him, he opened his eyes, looked fiercely at me, then rising his thin pale hand, he struck me in the face. I spoke to him of Jesus' love, but he again struck me and swore at me to get away and not touch him. His mother and sister came into the room, but he shrieked for them not to come near him or touch him. He lay a few moments with his arm over his eyes, then removing his arm he stared wildly before him, and with ghastly face said. "What fire is this I see? What fire is this I see? He struck fiercely at things on his bed, as if they were demons, begging them not to touch him, then buried his face in the pillow and groaned. When touched by anyone he would cry out as if the devil himself had touched him. He lay thus for a few moments, then turning himself in the bed he gave a few sighs and was gone to meet his God.

As I closed his eyes, and folded his hands on his breast, I thought of the many boys and girls, yet alive, who had sinned against God as Willie had done. Boys and girls, come to Jesus while you are well, and ask Him to wash away your sins, so that when you come to die you won't be afraid to meet Him, but will go to dwell forever in the beautiful mansion He has prepared in heaven for you.

May every one who reads this be saved from pillowing their head on the fiery billows of dark damnation forever, is the prayer of your loving sister, rescued from eternal ruin.

A Hopeless Death.

"I have nothing to expect, sir, but condemnation; nothing to expect but condemnation," the speaker articulated with difficulty.

He was a large man, massive of feature and muscular of limb. The awful pallor of the face was creased by the masses of thick black hair, that lay in confusion about the pillow, brushed off from the dead whiteness of his forehead. Struck down suddenly from full, hearty life to the bed of death, he made there and then an agonizing confession, such as racks the ear of the listener at unhappy death-beds. A meek woman sat near the nurse, who was striving quietly to alleviate the suffering he endured. "Oh, don't talk to me of pain!" he cried bitterly. "It is the mind, woman—the mind;" and agony overclouded his face. He continued slowly and deliberately: "There is a demon whispering in my ear forever, 'You knew it at the time, and at every time; you knew it. Knew what? Why, that a penalty must follow a broken law. Mark me—I have not opened a Bible for years—I have not entered a church; yet the very recollection that my mother

taught me to pray (and she died when I was only six), has passed judgment upon all my sins. I have done wrong, knowing it was wrong, first with a few qualms, then brushing aside conscience, and at last with the coolness of a fiend. Sir, in one minute of all my life I have not lived for heaven ; no, not one minute." "But Christ died for sinners, even the worst." "Oh, yes ; Christ died for sinners ; but my intellect is clear, sir ; clearer than ever before, I tell you"—his voice sharpened, almost whistled, it was so shrill and concentrated—"I can see almost into eternity. I can feel that, unless Christ is desired, sought after, longed for—that unless guilt is repented of, His death can do no good. Do I not repent ? I am only savage at myself to think—to think, sir !" he lifted his right hand impressively, "that I have so cursed myself. Is that repentance ? Do not try to console me ; save your sympathy for those who will bear it, for I cannot. Thank you nurse ;" this as she wiped his brow, and moistened his parched lips. "I am not dead to kindness, if I am to hope. I thank you sir, for your Christian offices, though they do me no good. If we sow thorns, you know, we cannot reap flowers ; and corn will not grow from the seed of thistles. Heaven was made for the holy ; 'without are dogs, whoremongers and adulterers.' There's a distinction ; it's all right."

After that, till eleven o'clock, his mind wandered ; then he slept a few moments. Presently, roused by

the striking of the clock, he looked around him dreamily, and caught the eye of the nurse and of his friend. "It's awful dark here," he whispered. "My feet stand on the slippery edge of a great gulf. Oh, for some foundation!" He stretched his hands out as if feeling for the way. "Christ is the only help—" "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life." whispered the man of God. "Not for me?" and pen cannot describe the immeasurable woe in that answer." "I shall fall—I am falling!" he half shrieked in an instant after; he shuddered and all was over.—Sel.

The Maelstrom.

I suppose you have heard or read of that dangerous whirlpool on the coast of Norway, called the Maelstrom. It is a perilous part of the sea for sailors—a whirlpool of an amazing sweep. It sometimes roars like a cataract, when there is a strong westerly wind. But, what is singular, its violence is said to be greatest in calm weather. Then the power of the vortex is tremendous. If a ship, during a calm, is heedlessly allowed to enter its dread circumference, and no wind springs up to aid her escape, she is sure to be swept round and round till swallowed up and lost. O ye careless ones, listen to the following story, the sorrowful tale of a lost ship, and behold in it your own peril if you yield to the influences of hell around you!

There was fine weather along the coast of Norway—a smiling sky and smooth seas. The captain and crew of a certain ship, having nothing to do, determined to enjoy it—were in high spirits, and, to increase their hilarity, they resorted to the intoxicating bowl; all but the pilot who seemed to be as fully aware of the peril as your own conscience, sinner—for they were then not far from the sailors' dread, the Maelstrom.

But the captain and crew feared nothing. They commenced a merry dance on deck. The revel increased as they continued to drink.

"Come, dance around, my jolly boys!" said the captain. And away went the merry tars in continued circle around the deck, shouting till their lungs were spent. It was a drunken revel.

"Captain," said the sober pilot, who alone refused to join the jollification, "we must drop anchor at once. The wind has died away, and the ship has performed a quarter-circle within the last half hour."

"Ha, ha, ha!" shouted the captain. "Fill your glasses, my merry lads! Dance around, I say; the good old ship is keeping us company!"

The pilot rushed back, with a pale and concerned look, to note indications of the tale telling compass. Presently he returned with a face livid from fear.

"Captain?" he cried, "for the love of Heaven drop anchor at once, till the wind springs up, for we have entered the Maelstrom. See with the glass.

Yonder ship has cast anchor, and she is now making signals to us."

"Away, thou fool!" screamed the captain. "My lads, I'll give you a song," He began—

"Away, away with the brow of care!
The devil is blithesome and merry;
Odd boots it were, if there's pleasure there,
With plenty of champagne and sherry."

The pilot became frantic. No one volunteered to aid him in dropping anchor; it was a feat impossible for one to perform. Now a signal shot boomed from the other ship. A boat put forth with a line, securing it to the vessel. The pilot ran to the heavy lifeboat, but could not move it. In vain he called for aid. Still the dance and shout and song of revelry went on. Once again he flew to the compass, and in despair seized the useless helm—for no wind filled the sails, and still the ship moved on the mysterious circle.

For the last time, he came to give the solemn warning to the now reclining captain and crew. He begged and prayed to them to heed their danger;—danger seemed to have a fascinating sound, and he was answered with a laugh. As they laughed, he wept, and cautioned them with tears, and threw himself into the sea. With strong frame, he swam through the fatal current, towards the boat put forth to rescue, and reached it in safety.

As long as line could be found in the anchored

vessel, the boat continued its way toward the ship with the drunken crew. They came within hail, and called on them to save themselves. One or two, sobered by a sense of danger, threw themselves into the sea, and succeeded in reaching the boat ; but the others became stupid.

The line was at length exhausted. The ship could now be seen slowly moving on its narrow circle, yet those on board put forth no effort to their own preservation. It was a fearful sight. From the other vessel every eye was strained with an intense gaze. Rapid, hurried action was there. Still the line was extended, and every species of material that could be found for the purpose. Necessity became the inventor of hopes never heard of in ordinary emergency. It availed not to reach the vessel of the drunken crew.

Without power to aid, those in the boat beheld them hastening on into a terrible grave, with the agony and excitement each moment increasing. Still they waited. Night was coming on. Faster and faster grew the motion of the ship. At last the approaching shadows warned them to return. The fated ship was seen through the gloom, continuing her circles with increased velocity. Darkness came down and cast a veil over the scene. When morning dawned, the ship and the drunken crew had vanished for ever from sight !

Hear me, O ye careless ones ! We know of noth-

ing that so vividly illustrates your infatuation as this. Why will ye die? Already, are you performing those mysterious circles—verging rapidly to the Maelstrom of hell! Sin, like the intoxicating cup, infatuates you. We have hoisted our signals. Again and again has the report of our solitary signal gun boomed in your ears. We have approached within hailing distance. We offer you assistance. Zion's ship is waiting to receive you, anchored to the Rock of Ages. Jesus, our Captain, bids you welcome. Some of your companions have taken the alarm and abandoned you. They swam through the fatal current and are safe. You all may do the same. We have exhausted our line. Your circles in the fatal influence are becoming narrower. We entreat you to heed your danger—it is positively real. We repeat our entreaties. Turn e'er it be too late.—Sel.

“The Holy City.”

Psalm 137 : 3 ; Job 35 : 10.

Thirty men, red-eyed and disheveled, lined up before a judge of the San Francisco Police Court. It was the regular morning company of “drunks and disorderlies.” Some were old and hardened, others hung their heads in shame. Just as the momentary disorder attending the bringing in of the prisoners

quieted down, a strange thing happened. A strong, clear voice from below began singing :

"Last night I lay asleeping,
These came a dream so fair."

Last night ! It had been for them all a nightmare or a drunken stupor. The song was such a contrast to the horrible fact that no one could fail of a sudden shock at the thought the song suggested.

"I stood in old Jerusalem,
Beside the temple there."

the song went on. The judge had paused. He made a quiet inquiry. A former member of a famous opera company, known all over the country, was awaiting trial for forgery. It was he who was singing in his cell.

Meantime the song went on, and every man in line showed emotion. One or two dropped on their knees, one boy at the end of the line, after a desperate effort of self-control, leaned against the wall, buried his face against his folded arms, and sobbed, "O mother, mother !"

The sobs, cutting to the very heart the men who hear, and the song still welling its way through the court room, blended in the hush. Then one man protested.

"Judge," said he, "have we got to submit to this ? We're here to take our punishment, but this——" He, too, began to sob.

It was impossible to proceed with the business of the court, yet the judge gave no order to stop the song. The police sergeant, after a surprised effort to keep the men in line, stepped back and waited with the rest. The song moved on to its climax :

"Jerusalem! Jerusalem,
Sing, for the night is o'er!
Hosanna in the highest!
Hosanna for evermore!"

In an ecstasy of melody the last words rang out, and then there was silence.

The judge looked into the faces of the men before him. There was not one who was not touched by the song; not one in whom some better impulse was not stirred. He did not call cases singly—a kind word of advice, and he dismissed them all. No man was fined or sentenced to the workhouse that morning. The song had done more good than punishment could have accomplished.—Sel.

Mrs. Lee Tells of the Translation of Her Children.

You will have heard ere this of the terrible landslide in Darjeeling, and how, buried by it, is all the earthly joy and light of our home.

Our six children—four girls and two boys—were living in a beautiful two-storied stone building, on

the side of the mountain, just near our Methodist school, where they attended as day scholars.

We were buying property here in Calcutta, and repairing and altering the house to suit our work ; Vida, our oldest daughter, aged seventeen years, was taking charge of her brothers and sisters in that beautiful hill station, until we could get settled.

One Sunday night, Sept. 24th, the house and all our darlings, were buried under the mountain, and we never would have known the story of their triumph, had not our boy, Wilbur, been miraculously spared to tell us. He had been thrown one hundred feet down the mountain, and knew nothing until, toward morning, he came to himself, and in the awful darkness, saw a light in a house not far away. He tried to reach it, but sank back fainting. In the morning, some kind friends discovered him, and after much difficulty, reached and rescued him, and everything was done to warm and save him.

After two days' terrible journey of walking, riding and climbing, we reached him in time to clasp him in our arms again, and to hear him say, "My precious mamma, I am so glad you came." He then told us about that night.

There had been a terrible storm and downpour of rain, lasting two days. They had spent Sunday indoors, a few slips taking place during the day. About ten o'clock in the night, the storm increased, and the earth and great boulders began to roll down

the hill, and the children felt they were not safe. They tried to escape, but found the road destroyed, the way cut off on both sides, and water rushing down the mountain side like the Ohio River—as Wilbur described it.

Vida led the children out, but was met with falling earth and stone, and insurmountable heaps of debris. In the pitch darkness and the pouring rain, and through the sound of the cyclone, she felt she could not keep the children together. "I cannot let you get separated," she said, "I promised papa I would take care of Esther. So we will go back in the house, and if God wishes to save us, He can save us together, if not, He will take us together."

They returned, and made a fire in the upper room, where they dried their clothes, and prayed to God to deliver them if it was His will, and if not, to make them ready for whatever might come. While praying, the corner of the room gave way, and they felt the house was going. Vida stood up and said: "Children, the house is going to fall, and we will all soon be in heaven."

Wilbur said, "O mamma, if you could have seen Vida's face, how it shone, and how beautiful she looked as she was speaking to us! All fear was taken away. We just felt like we were on the train coming into Calcutta to you. We were so happy. We all said, 'Now, if papa, mamma, and baby Frank were here to go with us to heaven, how nice it would

be.' " Vida took them into the room at the other end of the house, and again they knelt in prayer. Our little Bengali girl was with the rest. While praying, there came a dreadful crash. Wilbur sprang to his feet with the lamp in his hand, just in time to see the wall come in. He knew nothing more till he came to himself in the darkness. Our hope is, the others knew nothing more till they found themselves sweeping through the pearly gates.

Wilbur had four ghastly wounds in his head which caused lockjaw. He seemed to have been sent back to tell of their triumph in that awful hour, and to assure us, in words most wonderful for a child of his age, of his own preparation for heaven. Then after a week of much suffering, he joined his brother and sisters in that better home, and left us alone with our baby of nine months.

Vida and Lois were both converted and had dedicated themselves to mission work, expecting to join us in a few years in working for the salvation of India. Of late months, their Christian experience has been most beautiful. In Vida's last letter she spoke of being so happy in a newly found blessing, and prayed that it might be lasting.

Herbert was converted when five years of age, Ada found Jesus in their little home prayer meeting, always held Sunday evenings. Esther was a darling child, who talked to God as she did to her papa.

They were all musicians. Vida played so sweet-

ly on the guitar. Lois was our organist. Wilbur and Herbert had their violins. So you can imagine the awful silence in our home, and how our hearts ache without them.

Lois' body was found, and she and Wilbur lie in the cemetery with the children who were killed the same night in the school. Vida, with the three youngest, God buried, and they are safe till the trump of God shall rend the mountains, and even the sea shall give up her dead.

God is our refuge. We find Him all we need. He lifts us above this world's storms, and heaven and our loved ones seem all about us. So, we are not robbed of their love and help, even here, and God's love never was so great. Praise His Name!

We hurry on to finish our work. We have over one hundred Bengali girls with us, and many more wretched ones seeking refuge. We are busy working for our building in which to shelter them, and are striving to lead all we can in this dark land to Jesus.

May God accomplish His will in us, and may His name be glorified in this our day of trouble.

Yours, only for Him,

ADA LEE.

147 Dhramtala St., Calcutta, India.

The Prayer of Faith.

The late Professor C. E. Stowe once told to a company of ministers this incident of his life :

While professor at Lane Seminary, and trying to live upon a very small salary, Mrs. Stowe once came to me with the ominous message, "The flour is all gone !" It was in the days when flour was very expensive—some fifteen dollars a barrel. Professor Stowe received this announcement in blank silence. What to do he did not know. He had no money. The hunger-wolf was at the door. The thought soon occurred to him :

"Are you not a child of God ? Why not tell your trouble to your Heavenly Father ?"

At once Professor Stowe bowed upon his knees in prayer. He simply told the Heavenly Father the circumstances of the case. He could not help himself. Would not He take the matter in hand ?

As though relieved of a burden, Professor Stowe dismissed the subject from his mind and started for his duties in the Seminary. His house was quite out of town. Too poor to pay for a ride, he commonly walked, or, as in this instance, secured a ride with some chance passer on the street. As he rode into the city, his mind intent upon the lecture he was going to give, a close carriage passed. The lady occupant of the carriage threw open the window, stopped her driver, and addressed Prof. Stowe :

"Do you know where Prof. Stowe lives?"

"Yes, madam," the Professor explained, giving the locality.

The lady said, she regretted his residence was so far away, for she had a message for him.

"Do you not live near him? Could I depend on you to give him this letter?"

Professor Stowe consented; and all this time it never occurred to him to inform his questioner that he himself was the person she was seeking. He received the letter, put it in his pocket, and went his way. On his return home, Mrs. Stowe addressed him,

"Well, Calvin, how about the flour?"

He did not know. He had done nothing but pray over it. Again he went to his room and prayed that the Heavenly Father would consider his need. As he arose to his feet, he recalled the letter he had received, and in his absent-mindedness had forgotten. He opened it, and found a twenty-dollar bill. No name was attached. To him, at least, there was no possibility of doubt that here was an instance of answered prayer. We must hold to the belief, that ours is a supernatural religion. God is as truly the Heavenly Father as in the days of Jacob or of the disciples. We may not anticipate exemption from trials, but we are taught to pray: "Give us this day our daily bread, and deliver us from evil." This is a model prayer. We must always try to close it as

Jesus closed His own petition : "Nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt." And who can limit the possibilities of the prayer of faith ?—Sel.

Whiskey Did It.

The following true tale of the work of the whiskey demon is recorded in a contemporary :

"I didn't do it ; God knows I didn't do it ; whiskey did it."

Such a wail came from the boy, and he was only a boy, for what else is a lad of nineteen ?

And now he stood there on the sidewalk, wringing his hands and crying out in agony, and the officer's hand was on his shoulder, and the noisy crowd was about him, crying out, too. "He's killed him," said one ; "let's hang him to a lamp-post."

"Oh, mother, mother !" wailed the boy, "wake up ! Oh, I've killed her, too ? let me go to her."

"Come with me," said the officer : "somebody else'll take care of your mother, and we'll take care of you." "I didn't do . . . , God knows I didn't, the whiskey did it," cried the boy, as the officer led him away.

No, he had not done it and the whiskey had, but law does not try whiskey.

Whiskey had not followed the man out of the saloon and beat his brains out with a piece of board. The boy had not really done it, either, for he had

not known what he did, and when he was himself, nothing could have induced him to do such a deed. And yet he was the motor, or rather whiskey was the motor, and he the machine it moved. He was the one who went to prison, his mother was the one who lay dead from grief; it was his hand that bore the stain of a mother's blood.

And men in that town allowed it to be done. It made business lively. "There can be no town without liquor; that is, no town of any life," they said.

Yes, business was made lively, the saloon-keeper had something to do; then the officer of the law had the pleasure of taking a boy to jail, the coroner had the excitement of an inquest, and the undertaker sold two coffins. Grim sort of business, isn't it? But that is the kind whiskey furnishes.—Sel.

The Sanctified Engineer.

Sister Snell was riding on the Richmond and Danville road, and the conductor who took her ticket had such a good face, she said: "Aren't you a Christian?"

He said: "Yes, madam, I am a Christian.

She continued: "It is so rare to see a railroad man a Christian. How did you happen to be religious?"

He said: "It was the beautiful, consistent life of an engineer on the railroad. He claims to have

something the rest have not. He says he is sanctified."

"Are you sanctified?" she asked.

"No, but I am converted. Graham seems to have something I have not. That man's influence has been felt from one end of the line to the other."

While resting in her room a few days after that, Sister Snell heard the newsboys crying "A great disaster." She got the newspaper and read the names, and there were forty or fifty killed or injured, and the name of Graham Jones, the saved engineer, was in the list of the killed. She said: "Better fifty other men be killed than Graham Jones. Why was it, Lord, when others were spared who have not this influence?" She could not get him out of her mind.

That afternoon a special list was made and revised; Graham Jones' name was transferred to the list of those fatally wounded, and she thanked God for that. As she had heard that he lived in the town where she was at the time, she set out for his house, and found a sweet little cottage and went in, and found his wife sitting in her room, the picture of anguish. (Sanctification does not make us unnatural). There was no rebelling against God, even though tears ran down her face, and He was keeping her.

Sister Snell sat down and talked to her, offering the Word of God. About half-past ten they heard

the train bringing in the dead, and in about half an hour they heard the gate opening and then it shut, and they heard the tread of men bringing the litter into the house, walking three men on each side. Stretched on the litter lay the wounded man, white as death, and blood everywhere, and one arm mangled, looking more dead than alive.

His wife's name was Rubie. He said to her when their eyes met: "O Rubie, all things work together for good to them that love God."

The doctors did all they could, and the next day they came back and said they would try to save his arm, but thought it must be removed. He said: "Doctor, please don't; it is the arm I hold the throttle with, and if it is cut off, I cannot work. Please, spare my arm." But they thought it must be removed, so he said again. "If you must take my arm, please give me one night to pray,—one night with God." They said: "Mr. Jones, you talk like a mad man. To-morrow will be too late." He said: "I don't think I am to live anyway, and I believe you think I am not. Give me one night." The doctors hesitated, and he said: "Get them all out of the room, dear, they will be back early in the morning."

After a little while, he said: "Is not this the night for the holiness meeting?" and he looked at the door. "Run quickly, and ask them to pray for me, and pray until they hear from me."

The word was sent to the meeting, and they prayed, and while they prayed, Graham Jones talked to God about that arm. The next morning the doctors came, and he was placed on the table, and they gathered around him and examined that arm, and the gangrene was gone. Graham Jones is the same to-day, running on the road, and he says himself, that when he pulls the throttle cord it says, "Hallelujah ! Halle-l-u-j-a-h !" as it comes down the road. Then it says, "Glory to God ! Glory to God ! Halle-l-u-j-a-h !"

Praise His name ! Sanctification teaches how to suffer for God in every condition.—Sel.

A Blasphemer Punished.

"He that, being often reprov'd, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." Prov. 29 : 1.

In a little town in the south of Maryland, lived a young man, who for brightness, and popularity, was outdone by none ; but a pronounced **Atheist**, denying the truth of the Bible, and the existence of the Lord of Glory. No doubt he had been brought to this through the influence of infidel writers and teachers.

Often he would gather the young men of his native town around him, and instruct them in the evil way, in which he himself was traveling ; telling

them that the religion of Jesus was but a myth and fast dying out. He was always loud in his denunciation of all that was good.

One Sunday evening in August, 1904, he was conversing with his associates, on the subject of God and religion. Growing enthusiastic, he exclaimed: "I defy the Almighty to strike me dead." Instantly he fell to the floor; a silence as of death came on everyone.

Had God taken him at his word? Was he struck dead? Or had he only fainted?

At last someone ventured to his side, and felt for his pulse; but they found none; they eagerly listened for the pulsating of his heart, but all was still. They looked into the eyes, that but a moment ago, were lit with animation, but the only return they now gave, was the glassy stare of death. God had accepted the challenge.—Re-written.

"Don't You Love Him for That, Father?"

One Sabbath evening a farmer asked his children what they had learned at school that afternoon. He was not a Christian, but the children went regularly to Sabbath-school. Each one told in his own way what the teacher had said of the beautiful home in heaven that Jesus left, because of his great love for sinners. Nellie, the youngest, crept upon her father's knee, and, looking in his face, said:

"Jesus must have loved us very much to do that ; don't you love Him for it, father ?"

Then they described the trials and sufferings of the Saviour ; how He was betrayed by Judas, and led before the High Priest and Pilate ; how the wicked soldiers crowned Him with thorns, and mocked, and scourged, and buffeted Him. Again the little one looked up and said, with tears in her eyes :

"Don't you love Him for that, father ?"

At last they told him of Jesus' painful death on the cross ; and once more little Nellie looked up in her father's face and sweetly said :

"Now, don't you love Him, father ?"

The father could not bear any more, he put his little girl down, and went away to hide his tears, for the words had gone to his heart. Soon after this he became a Christian. He often said that little Nellie's questions had more effect upon him than the most powerful preaching he had ever heard.—Selected.

Waited One Night Too Long.

It was a Sunday night. The great church was crowded with people to hear the old gospel. The preacher gave an earnest plea for sinners to be converted. Many came forward to the altar to seek the Lord. One young man heard the call, but said to himself, "not to-night," made his way from the church, but impressed that he ought to have decided

for Christ. He went to his work the next morning, as usual, in the railroad yards. He was in the act of coupling two cars, when his foot slipped, and he was caught between the bumpers and horribly crushed. He was dragged out, and almost the first words he said, were: "I was at the church last night, and felt I ought to have been saved. But no one invited me and I came away without making a decision." And then with words of utter horror he said, "I am dying, and my soul is lost," and in fifteen minutes he was dead.

He had put it off one night too long. He might have been saved, for God called him, and he heard the message and invitation. My unsaved friend, hear the call of God and seek Him while He may be found.—Selected.

Dying for Christ's Messenger.

Rev. John G. Patton, the wonderful missionary of the New Hebrides, told at the Ecumenical Conference, in New York of an incident of thrilling power just narrated to him by a letter from his son.

The younger Patton had preached on a heathen island, and among the converts was a great chief. But opposition intensified, and a solemn council condemned the missionary to be shot in spite of all the arguments and pleadings of the Christian chief.

The line was drawn up, the missionary set in front,

the order to fire give, when suddenly the chief threw himself before the missionary and received the fire into his own body.

When the savages saw their chief dying they fled in terror, leaving the unharmed younger Patton with the dying hero. Patton was too astonished to know what to say, but finally cried out, "What did you do that for? What did you do that?"

With a sweet smile amid his intense agony of body the chief replied, "Because Jesus died for me, and I am glad to die for His messenger!" Repeating it again tenderly and with fully satisfied soul, the great chief passed away.

What an experience for the missionary alone with that martyr body on that hostile ground! Was ever the power of the gospel greater than that?—Sel.

Death for the Bible.

In the days of the persecution, happily long since past, in Scotland, a party of soldiers, under a very cruel leader, were one day riding along a country road, when they met a lad carrying a book. Upon being questioned as to the nature of the book, he replied, with a fearless, upward glance, "The Bible."

"Throw it into the ditch!" shouted the fierce commander.

"Na!" returned the boy, in this broad northern accent, "it is God's Word."

A second order to the same effect only caused him to grasp his treasure more firmly. A very cruel command followed.

"Then pull the cap over your eyes," was the mocking retort. "Soldiers prepare to fire!"

For a moment the soldiers hesitated, but their leader's face was stern. The lad never flinched. He was not afraid to face death or taste its bitterness, because he knew he should pass through it into the immediate presence of the Lord who loved him, and who redeemed him at the cost of his own precious blood. He heard a voice, unheard by others, whispering to his inmost soul, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

"I will not cover my eyes," he said firmly. "I will look you in the face, as you must look me in the face at the great Judgment Day."

Wonderful words from one so young at such a time of peril. Another moment, and he lay shot through the heart; but his spirit was with the Lord, who gave it.—Selected.

Only a Minute's Work.

An itinerant minister, says an exchange, some years ago, was passing through a prison crowded with convicts showing every phase of ignorance and brutality.

One gigantic fellow, crouched! alone in a corner,

his feet chained to a ball. There was an unhealed wound on his face where he had been shot while trying to escape. The sight of the dumb, gaunt figure touched the visitor's sympathy.

"How long has he to serve?" he asked.

"For life."

"Has he anybody outside to look after him—wife or child?"

"How should I know? Nobody has ever noticed him all the time he has been there."

"May I speak to him?"

"Yes, but only for a minute."

The minister hesitated. What could he say in one minute? He touched the man's torn cheek. "I am sorry," he said. "I wish I could help you."

The convict looked keenly at him, and he nodded to indicate that he believed in the sympathy expressed.

"I am going away and shall never see you again perhaps; but you have a friend who will stay here with you."

The small, keen eyes were on him; the prisoner dragged himself up, waiting and eager.

"Have you heard of Jesus?"

"Yes."

"He is your Friend. If you are good and true and will pray to God to help you, I am sure He will care for you."

"Come sir!" called the keeper, "Time's up."

The clergyman turned sorrowfully away. The prisoner crawled after him, and catching his hand, held it in his own while he could. Tears were in the clergyman's eyes.

Fourteen years passed. The convict was sent to work in the mines. The minister went down one day into a mine, and among the workmen saw a gigantic figure bent with hardship and age.

"Who is that?" he asked the keeper.

"A lifer, and a steady fellow; the best of the gang."

Just then the "lifer" looked up. His figure straightened, for he had recognized the clergyman. His eyes shone.

"Do you know me?" he said.

"Will He come soon? I've tried to be good."

At a single word of sympathy the life had been transformed, the convict redeemed.—Exchange.

Dying in Despair.

Mrs. Phoebe Palmer, in her book, "Entire Devotion," relates the following awful incident. E—— had a friend who did not believe that the injunctions, "Come out from among them and be ye separate," "Be not conformed to this world," and kindred passages have anything to do with the external appearance of the Christian. She was united in church fellowship with a denomination who do not recog-

nize these things as important, and she had been heard to speak contemptuously of those contracted views that would induce one, in coming out in a religious profession, to make such a change in external appearance and habits as to excite observation.

We should be far from favoring an intimation that E——'s friend was hypocritical ; she was only what would be termed liberal-minded, and was no more insincere than thousands who stand on what would be termed an ordinary eminence in religious profession.

The wasting consumption gradually preyed upon the vitals of his friend, and E——, who lives in a distant city, went to see her. E——, though not at the time as fully devoted herself as she might have been, was concerned to find her friend as much engaged with the vanities of the world, and as much interested about conforming to its customs as ever, and she ventured to say :

"I did not suppose you would think so much about these things now."

Her friend felt somewhat indignant at the remark, and observed : "I do not know that I am more conformed to the world than yourself ; and the denomination to which you belong regards these things as wrong, but our people do not think religion has anything to do with these little matters."

The hand of withering disease continuing relentlessly laid on E——'s friend, and as she drew near-

er eternity her blissful hopes of immortality and eternal life seemed to gather yet greater brightness. Her friends felt that her piety was more elevated than that of ordinary attainment. Again, and yet again, her friends gathered round her dying couch to hear her glowing expressions and to witness her peaceful departure. Such was her composure that she desired her shroud might be in readiness, so she might, before the mirror, behold her body arrayed in its peaceful resting-place.

Her friend E—— was forced to leave for the city a day or two before her dissolution, and called to take her final farewell.

"We shall not meet again on earth," said the dying one, "but, doubtless, we shall meet in heaven. On my own part. I have no more doubt than if I were already there, and I cannot but hope that you will be faithful unto death. We shall meet." They then bade each other a last adieu.

The moment, at last came, when death was permitted to do his fearful work. The devoted friends had again gathered around the bed of the dying fair one, to witness her peaceful exit. Respiration grew shorter and shorter, and at last ceased, and they deemed the spirit already in the embrace of blissful messengers, who were winging it to Paradise. A fearful shriek! and in a moment they beheld her that they had looked upon as the departed, sitting upright before them with every feature distorted.

Horror and disappointment had transformed that placid countenance, so that it exhibited an expression indescribably fiendish. "I can't die!" vociferated the terrified, disappointed one. "I won't die." At that moment her minister entered. "Out of the door thou deceiver of men!" she again vociferated—fell back, and was no more.

"Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in Thy name? And in Thy name have cast out devils? And in Thy name have done many wonderful works? And then will I confess unto them, I never knew you; depart from Me, ye that work iniquity."—Matt. 22: 23.—Sel.

Katie's "Oosh."

Little Katie was less than three years old, and her papa and mamma were faith missionaries. When she wanted something they could not give her, she was used to asking the Lord for it. She was a child of simple faith.

Katie was very fond of sugar. One morning, they had only mush for their breakfast, and no milk or sugar for it. Katie said, "Mamma, please give Tatie some 'oosh.'" (That was the name she had for sugar.) Her mamma said, "Darling, mamma has none for Katie." The child lifted her eyes with a look of surprise, and said confidently, "Den Tatie must p'ay," and down she climbed out of her high

chair, and went into the bedroom, kneeled down, and said, "O 'Ord, p'ease give Tatie some 'oosh' tause we need it, for Jesus' sake, Amen." Then she went back to the table, and said confidently, "Now, mamma, Tatie will have some 'oosh,' tause de 'Ord said so." She ate her mush without sugar, as contented and happy as if she already had the sugar the Lord had promised her.

She was out on the sidewalk at the front of the house, about the middle of the forenoon, and as she walked along the crossing, where it bridged a ditch, she looked down and saw a package. She climbed down and got it. A little hole had been torn in the paper by the fall, so she could see that there was sugar in it.

She came toddling in with the package in her arms, and said, "O mamma, see 'what de 'Ord did send Tatie. I dess de 'Ord did lay it on somebody to bring Tatie some 'oosh,' and they backs'id, an' wouldn't bring it, an' den de 'Ord laid it on 'em to lose it, and den de 'Ord laid it on Tatie to find it." She had it all fixed up in her baby mind how the Lord had sent it. It had probably rolled off from some grocer's wagon. The child enjoyed her sugar very much, and knew that God had heard her prayer.

The Lord never disappointed Katie's faith. Once she prayed for some "pedees," a name she gave to all nuts. Her mother knew of no way in which her

prayer could be answered ; but that very afternoon a farmer from the country brought a two-bushel sack of walnuts.

Another time she was praying for some meat, and then added, "O, yes, 'Ord, and some 'chiten' too." That afternoon, a ham, and two dressed chickens were brought in as a gift. They came in answer to Katie's prayer.

Whenever she prayed for a thing, she would say she was going to have it, and always gave the simple reason, "Tause de 'Ord said so."—Sel.

A True Story.

A young lady, with Christian parents, had been taught from childhood what it was to be a Christian. When urged to give her heart to Christ she would say: "I am too young yet. Wait a little longer. I want to enjoy the pleasures of the world first." Satan held up his most attractive pictures of dancing, card playing, and theatre-going, before her eyes, making her think that nothing else could compare with these for having real enjoyment ; but he did not let her see death standing behind. One New Year's eve she was very thoughtful. The words "Give your heart to God this last night of the old," kept ringing in her ears long after she had retired. The next morning she wrote these words in her diary: "One year from to-day I will give my heart to God."

The year passed with its round of pleasures, and another New Year's eve arrived. How beautiful she looked as she went to her diary, dressed for her last party, and wrote the words: "To-morrow I will give my heart to God."

As she came into the parlor her mother said: "O darling, why will you dress so imprudently? If you will go, why not go warmly clad this bitter, cold night?"

"Why, mamma, they would laugh at me! Everyone wears low neck and short sleeves, and I will wear my heavy opera cloak. Mamma, this is my last party; so let me enjoy myself to-night. I will turn over a new leaf to-morrow."

Alas! it was her last party. Becoming overheated while dancing, she stepped for a few moments into the cold air; the death angel passed and touched her. New Year's morning found her very ill. In three days she left her worldly pleasures behind and went to meet her God—unsaved. She had let her opportunity fly away. It could never return.—Sel.

In a Street Car-

"Jesus loves me, this I know."

Sweet and clear rang out the childish treble. It was on a horse car. A little girl, between three and four years, had been out visiting with her mother and, being shy among strangers, had kept quiet til-

her prattling little tongue could stand it no longer. So, as soon as the horses began to trot and the bells to jingle, she began :

"Jesus loves me, this I know,
For the Bible tells me so ;
Little ones to Him belong,
They are weak, but—"

The car stopped ; so did the singer. Two or three passengers got in. Ding ! ding ! went the bell. Away went the car. Away went the singer :

"They are weak, but He is strong."

A smile went around the car, but the little one, kneeling on the seat and looking out of the window, and, therefore, quite unconscious of it all, sang on :

"Yes, Jesus loves me !
Yes, Jesus loves me !
Yes, Jesus loves me !
The Bible tells me so !"

I do not know how many hearts were touched during that ride, which was quite a long one, and many passengers came and went. I do not know how many burdens were lifted, but I know that, while the song lasted, every one on the car heard the gospel message. Everybody listened ; everybody smiled ; there was not a frown ; there was not a troubled look on any face. The simple story of Jesus and His love had driven them all away. At length the song ceased, the mother turned, the little head was resting against the window. The baby was fast asleep. She had "done what she could."—Sel.

A Disastrous Ending.

In all the history of infidelity, unbelief, and skepticism, there is not a single instance of a triumphant death. As one illustration of this statement, note the following from history. "On the 15th of February, 1758, Voltaire penned the following blasphemy:

'Twenty years more and God will be in a pretty plight.' And in twenty years from that date Voltaire was on his death-bed. His infidel companions finding him disposed to recant, refused to let any minister of religion visit him. Voltaire, in consequence, became infuriated, and cursed the D'Almberts and the Diderots. 'Begone!' he said. 'It is you that have brought me to my present, miserable condition! And what a wretched glory you have procured me!' With alternate prayer and blasphemy, saying, "O, Christ," and then 'I am abandoned of God and man.' He died on the 30th of May, 1778. Monsieur Trochin, the physician who attended him, declared, that to witness all the furies of Orestes, one had only to be present at the death of Voltaire. 'Such a spectacle,' he adds, 'would benefit the young who are in danger of losing the precious helps of religion.' The Marshall De Richelieu was so terrified at what he saw that he left the bedside of Voltaire, declaring the sight was too horrifying for endurance."

Millions have died in the triumphs of Christianity

and like the immortal Alfred Cookman went "sweeping through the gates, washed in the Blood of the Lamb."—Sel.

"Five Minutes More to Live."

A young man stood before a large audience in the most fearful position a human being could be placed—on the scaffold! The noose had been adjusted around his neck. In a few moments more he would be in eternity. The sheriff took out his watch, and said: "If you have anything to say, speak now, as you have but five minutes more to live." What awful words for a young man to hear, in full health and vigor!

Shall I tell you his message to the youth about him? He burst into tears and said with sobbing: "I have to die! I had only one little brother. He had beautiful blue eyes and flaxen hair. How I loved him! I got drunk—the first time. I found my little brother gathering strawberries. I got angry with him, without cause; and killed him with a blow from a rake. I knew nothing about it until I awoke on the following day and found myself closely guarded. They told me that when my little brother was found, his hair was clotted with his blood and brains. Whisky had done it! It has ruined me! I have only one more word to say to the young people before I go to stand in the pres-

ence of my Judge. Never, never, never touch anything that can intoxicate !"

Think what one indulgence in drink may do. This youth was not an habitual drunkard. Shun the deadly cup which steals away your senses before you are aware of it ; for you cannot know the dreadful deeds you may commit while under its influence.

"The Duke of Orleans, the eldest son of King Philippe, King of France, was the inheritor of whatever rights the royal family could transmit. He was a noble young man, physically and intellectually. One morning, he invited in a few of his companions, as he was about to leave Paris to join his regiment. In the conviviality of the hour he drank WINE. He did not become intoxicated. He was not a dissipated man ; his character was lofty and noble. But in that joyous hour he partook of WINE.

Bidding his companions adieu, he entered his carriage ; but for that glass of wine he would have kept his seat. He leaped from the carriage ; but for that glass of WINE he might have alighted upon his feet. His head struck the pavement ; senseless and bleeding, he was taken into a beer shop, and there died. That glass of WINE overthrew the Orleans dynasty, confiscated their property of \$100,000,000, and sent the whole family into exile."

A young man, a telegraph operator at a railroad station, had never tasted alcohol. One day he was induced by some young men to take just one glass.

Through its effect, he made a mistake in telegraphing, the result was a collision between a freight and a passenger train and thirty persons killed. And he became suddenly prematurely old. He was ruined. Reader, on no account drink rum ; beware of the first glass. Vote for prohibition with a Prohibition party, do all you can to save the people from rum.—Sel.

Tim Burke.

A minister newly settled in Glasgow, Scotland, determined to visit every person in his parish. He began his rounds, and succeeded in finishing the entire list—with a single exception.

Up four flights of stairs, in a poor tenement house, lived, or hovelled, an intemperate man, who was so repulsive and savage that he dared not meet him. The minister's friends had warned him not to call there, for fear of personal harm. The wretch had driven his family away. Nobody could live with him, and he was best let alone. He was a "beast." This was confirmed by the minister's own impressions the few times he had seen the drunkard, and he shunned him.

Still the good man could not help feeling ashamed of his fears, and the shame grew upon him the more he thought of the matter.

At last, one splendid morning, rising after a perfect night's rest, full of vigor, and spiritual courage,

he said to himself, "Now is my time to go to Piper's alley and see Tim Burke. I'm just in the mood."

He went straight to the place, climbed through the dirty entrance, and knocked at the man's door. He listened, and then knocked again—and soon after again. The drunkard must be in at this hour, if ever, and he was resolved not to lose his errand.

Finally, he lifted the latch. There was no lock, and the door slowly opened. Before him, crouched over the fire-place, he saw Tim Burke, the "beast."

Wild and dangerous enough the creature looked, in his filth and rags, and with his glaring eyes.

"Who be you?" That was his first greeting to the visitor.

"I am a minister."

"Minister! What d' you want?"

"I came to see you!"

"Well, look at me, then ;" and the man rose to his feet and came forward.

"Ain't I a beauty, eh?" stepping nearer and nearer. The minister expected an attack, and was prepared for it.

"Have you looked enough?" said the drunkard, approaching so close that his visitor caught his foul breath. "Now, I'll tell ye what I'm goin' to do. I'm goin' to kick ye down stairs."

"Hold on, hold on! Not now." said the minister. "If you kick me down stairs, I'll have to come all the way up again. I've got a call to make on the next

floor ; wait till I come back, and then, if you conclude to kick the minister who wanted to make you a friendly visit, why, I shall be at your service."

"Well, you are a cool one," muttered the drunkard, and he went and sat down again.

After making his call, the minister returned, and presented himself according to promise, but he found the man not at all disposed to kick him now. He had evidently been thinking.

"Sit down," said he, and the minister sat down and talked with him like a tender brother, and when he spoke to him of his wife and children, the tears began to roll down the poor drunkard's cheeks. "O, I'm a God-forsaken wretch, beyond mercy !" he groaned. But the minister pointed him to Christ, and knelt and prayed that the fallen soul might have strength and grace to rise again.

The good man followed up his prayer with persistent kindness, and faithfully stood by Tim Burke, till he saw him re-united to his family, and established in honest employment, a sober, right-minded, church-going man.

Ever afterwards, when incline' to be afraid of a repulsive duty, it was enough for the minister to remember that day when he "rescued the perishing."
—Sel.

Story of a Little Life.

"What is your name?" asked the teacher.

"Tommy Brown, ma'am," answered the boy.

He was a pathetic little figure, with a thin face, hollow eyes, and pale cheeks, that plainly told of insufficient food. He wore a suit of clothes evidently made for some one else. They were patched in places with cloth of different colors. His shoes were old, his hair cut square in the neck in the unpracticed manner in which women sometimes cut boys' hair. It was a bitter day, yet he wore no overcoat, and his bare hands were red with the cold.

"How old are you, Tommy?"

"Nine years old come next April. I've learned to read at home, and I can cipher a little."

"Well, it is time for you to begin school. Why have you never come before?"

The boy fumbled with a cap in his hands, and did not reply at once. It was a ragged cap with frayed edges, and the original color of the fabric no man could tell.

Presently he said, "I never went to school 'cause —'cause—well, mother takes in washin', an' she couldn't spare me. But Sissy is big enough now to help, an' she minds the baby besides."

It was not quite time for school to begin. All around the teacher and the new scholar stood the boys that belonged in the room.

While he was making his confused explanation some of the boys laughed, and one of them called out, "Say, Tommy, where are your cuffs and collar?" And another sang out, "You must sleep in a rag-bag at night, by the looks of your clothes!" Before the teacher could quiet them, another boy had volunteered the information that the father of the boy was "old Si Brown, who was always as drunk as a fiddler."

The poor child looked around on his tormentors like a hunted thing. Then, before the teacher could detain him, with a suppressed cry of misery, he ran out of the room, out of the building, down the street, and was seen no more.

The teacher went to her duties with a troubled heart. All day long, the child's pitiful face haunted her. She could not rid herself of the memory of it. After a little trouble she found the place where he lived, and then two kind ladies went to visit him.

It was a dilapidated house. When they first entered they could scarcely discern objects, the room was so filled with the steam of the soapsuds. There were two windows, but a tall, brick building adjacent shut out the light. It was a gloomy day, too, with grey, lowering clouds that forbade even the memory of sunshine.

A woman stood before a wash-tub. When they entered, she wiped her hands on her apron, and came forward to meet them.

Once she had been pretty, but the color had gone

out of her face, leaving only sharpened outlines and haggardness of expression.

She asked them to sit down ; then, taking a chair herself, she said, "Sissy, give me the baby."

A little girl came forward from a dark corner, carrying a baby that she laid in its mother's lap, a lean and sickly-looking baby, with the same hollow eyes that Tommy had.

"Your baby doesn't look strong," said one of the ladies.

"No, ma'am, she ain't very well. I have to work hard, and I expect it affects her."

"Where is your little Tommy ?" asked one of the visitors.

"He is there in the trundle-bed," replied the mother.

"Is he sick ?"

"Yes'm, and the doctor thinks he ain't going to get well." At this the tears ran down her thin and faded cheeks.

"What is the matter with him ?"

"He never was very strong, and he's had to work too hard, carrying water and helping me lift the wash tubs, and things like that. Of late he has been crazy to go to school. I never could spare him till this winter. He thought if he could get a little education he'd be able to take care of Sissy and baby and me. So I fixed up his clothes as well as I could, and last week he started. I was afraid

the boys would laugh at him, but he thought he could stand it if they did. I stood at the door and watched him going. I can never forget how the little fellow looked," she continued, the tears streaming down her face. "His patched-up clothes, his poor little anxious look. He turned around to me as he left the yard, and said, 'Don't worry, mother; I don't mind what the boys say.' But he did mind. It wasn't an hour before he was back again. I believe the child's heart was just broke. I thought mine was broke years ago. If it was, it was broke over again that day. I can stand most anything myself, but, oh! I can't bear to see my children suffer." Here she broke down in a fit of convulsive weeping. The little girl came up to her mother quietly, and stole a thin, little arm around her mother's neck. "Don't cry, mother," she whispered, "don't cry."

The mother made an effort to check her tears, and she wiped her eyes. As soon as she could speak with any degree of calmness, she continued:

"Poor little Tommy cried all day! I couldn't comfort him. He said it was no use trying to do anything. Folks would only laugh at him for being a drunkard's little boy. I tried to comfort him before my husband came home. I told him his father would be mad if he saw him crying. But it wasn't any use. Seemed like he could not stop. His father came and saw him. He wouldn't have done it, if he hadn't been drinking. He ain't a bad man when he

is sober. I hate to tell it, but he whipped Tommy, and the child fell and struck his head. I suppose he'd a' been sick anyway, But, oh ! my poor little boy. My sick, suffering child !" she cried. "How can they let men sell a thing that makes the innocent suffer so ?"

One of the ladies went to the bed. There he lay, poor little defenceless victim. He lived in a Christian land, in a country that takes care to pass laws to protect sheep, and diligently legislates over its game. Would that the children were as precious as brutes and birds ! Would that the law was more jealous of the little waifs' rights !

His face was flushed, and the hollow eyes were bright. There was a long, purple mark on his temple. He put up one little wasted hand to cover it, while he said, "Father wouldn't have done it, if he hadn't been drinking." Then, in his queer, piping voice, weak with sickness, he half whispered, "I'm glad, I'm going to die. I'm too weak ever to help mother, anyhow. Up in heaven the angels ain't going to call me a drunkard's child, and make fun of my clothes. And maybe, if I'm right up there where God is, I can keep reminding Him of mother, and He will make it easier for her."

He turned his head feebly on his pillow, and then said, in a lower tone. "Some day—they ain't going—to let saloons—keep open. But I'm afraid—poor

father—will be dead—before then." Then he shut his eyes with weariness.

The next morning, the sun shone in on the dead face of little Tommy.—Sel.

Little Charlie's Faith.

One bright summer day, a few years ago, the great love and mercy of God, was shown to Brother A—— M—— and family of Sweet's Corners, Ont., in the following manner.

Little Charlie, a child of four years of age, had been playing in the yard unconscious of any danger. His mother, who was in the house occupied with home duties, frequently came to the door to see if he was all right, little suspecting the trouble that awaited. Glancing again from her work, she was surprised and alarmed to see Charlie coming on his hands and knees through the door of the stable where the horses were kept. Thinking that he had been hurt by them, she ran and snatched him up and asked, "what has happened?" "I fell in the well, mawma," he said, through his set teeth, while his little frame shook like a leaf in the wind. Mrs M— says: "I soon pulled off his wet clothes and rolled him in woolen blankets, and called for help. Before the doctor arrived he was able to sit up and talk about the accident."

Now, let us examine the well. It is in the stable

yard. By measuring we find that it is sixteen feet to the water, and holds four feet of water, in all twenty feet deep. The sides are lined with stone, and it is some four or five feet wide, covered by a plat-form. In the center of this platform is a hole fourteen inches square, from which the pump had been taken for repairs. Through this opening the child had evidently fallen, as was indicated by his wet clothes, his teeth set by the chill and the bruises on his head, where he had struck against the sides of the well in his perilous descent. The question is, how did he get out? There was no human help at hand. It would be a difficult task for a man to climb the slippery sides of a well and get out through such an opening. But God who is ever present was there, and for some wise purpose spared his young life. When Charlie was asked: "What did you think when you were down in the well?" He replied: "I thought I was going to die, and just asked the Lord to help me out."—Written for this work by MRS. A. MAYNES.

Saved From Crime.

One evening, some years ago, the late Rev. F. H. Bland, was returning to his home after spending the day in visiting his flock. On coming to a certain house, God said to him: "Go into that house and pray." The hour was late, and, he, tired after his

day's labour, so leaving the reins slack, he allowed his horse to pursue its way. Naturally it kept going toward its stable. Soon they had passed the gate leading to the house in which he felt directed to pray. God spoke to him again, and said : You did not go into that house and pray." He reached home, unharnessed the horse, and retired. Then God said to him : "Here you are in bed, and you did not go into that house and pray."

Springing up he said : "Lord, I'll go yet." He went to the stable, harnessed his horse, and soon was speeding towards the house of which God had spoken.

On arrival, he at once went to the door and knocked, but there was no response, again he knocked louder than before, but still no answer. Trying the door and finding it unlocked, he threw it open, and stepping in, shouted : "Is there anyone in this house?" No answer. Again he shouted : "Is there anyone in this house ;" receiving no answer, he dropped on his knees and prayed. "O God, if there is a sinner in this house, save him, take away his sins," etc.

After praying for a short time, he arose, and left the house, drove home and went to bed. He had seen no one, nor knew why he had been required to go, but felt that he had done his duty.

Three years had passed since that night, yet no explanation had been given, until one evening a

stranger came to his home and addressed him as follows: "Are you the Rev. F. H. Bland," being answered in the affirmative, he continued, "Do you remember three years ago of coming to a certain house one dark night and praying, and seeing no one." "Yes, quite well," answered Mr. Bland. "That night," said the stranger, "I stood about three yards from where you knelt in prayer. I had a loaded gun in my hands intending to shoot the man of the house when he came in. That prayer saved me from being a murderer, and now I'm a saved man."—As related by BISHOP HORNER.

The Collier's Son.

A Christian collier was in the habit of carrying with him to the pit, a small pocket Bible, and in this he was imitated by his son, a Sunday scholar. They worked together in a newly opened section of the mine, and on one occasion the father having stepped aside to procure a tool he required, when the whole arch of rock above them fell between him and his child. He ran back and called loudly to his son who, at length, responded from underneath the dense mass of rock and coal.

"My son," cried the father, "are you living?"

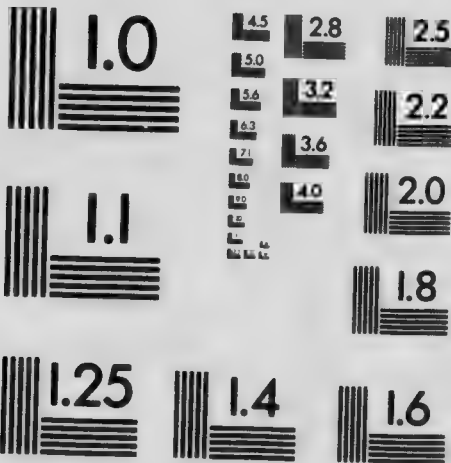
"Yes, father, but my legs are under a rock."

"Have you the lamp, my child?" "Yes, it is still burning, father."



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"What will you do, my dear, dear boy?"

"I am reading my Bible, my father, and the Lord strengthens me!"

These were the last words of the dear little man; he was soon suffocated by the mass of rubbish.—Sel.

The Marked Text.

"Isabel, this is the key of your mother's wardrobe," said a father to his motherless daughter and only child, on her eighteenth birthday. "Take it, and, at your leisure, look over your sainted mother's things. You are at an age now to value them."

With these words the father, a great scholar and "bookworm," left the room.

Isabel was soon busy looking over her young mother's possessions. She could just remember being taken as a tiny child to kiss a sweet, pale lady in bed, and next day being told that her mother was in heaven, and, as she looked on the long-unused things, she yearned to have that fair mother by her side, for she was often lonely and cheerless.

Suddenly Isabel came upon a well-worn book, bound in red morocco, with a silver clasp. It opened at once about the middle, the place being marked by a bunch of dry and colourless flowers. She saw at once that it was a Bible, that it opened at a place where was a verse strongly marked in red ink. That verse was, "As one whom His mother comforteth, so

will I comfort you, and ye shall be comforted ;" and by the side was written, "My little motherless Isabel."

"It is almost like my mother speaking to me from the dead," Isabel said, solemnly ; "she must have known I should find this some day ;" and eagerly she kissed the page again and again.

The young mother had known that sometime her daughter would probably find those words, watered by her dying prayers. And richly God answered those prayers ; for that well-worn Bible soon became her child's greatest treasure, and from it she learnt the plan of salvation, and from it she drew heavenly comfort and joy that lighted up and brightened her solitary life. So true is it that "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth ; but the word of our God shall stand forever." (Isa. 40; 8.)—Sel.

A Northern Boy in California.

BY MRS. A. PRESTON.

"What do you want here, boy ?" said the keeper of a disreputable saloon in San Francisco, to a bright-faced lad, with a bundle suspended upon a stick that was thrown across his sturdy young shoulders.

"Why do you come in here and stare about without asking for anything to drink ?"

"I am not thirsty, sir. I came in to see if perchance my father might be here."

"He is not thirsty!" laughed one of the men. "As if people drank brandy only when they were thirsty. Ha! ha!"

"Who is your father, boy?"

"John Hopper, if you please, sir."

"Why did you think he was here?"

"Because he must be somewhere in California, sir; and I am looking everywhere for him." "And, said the child, hesitatingly, "father never was a temperance man, even at home, so I thought I might find him in a saloon."

"Where is your home, boy?"

"In Massachusetts, if you please, sir, and mother is dead, now, and I have no home and no one left in the world but father, and mother said, almost the last thing, that I had better come to California and find father, and try to help him to be a good man, so that we all may meet in heaven—we have not been together much here on earth. Father went away, you see, when I was only two years old."

"How are you going to know him?" asked a queer-looking, weazened little man, sitting at the table, with a glass in his hand.

"I don't know, sir; only my mother has described him to me so often, and we have a picture of him, and I am praying so hard that I may find him, that I am sure I cannot make a mistake."

"Do you look like your father, child?" asked a man in a black suit, who sat upon a three-legged stool, leaning his elbows upon the table.

"No, sir. I am the picture of my mother——"

"So you are my boy, so you are!" interrupted the man, springing to his feet. "Don't you see that I am your father! I know that you are my little Harry Steadman Hopper, and I have your picture and your mother's picture in my pocket." And the man produced them to prove his identity to his companions, who were all upon their feet protesting that the lad was honest, and that he should not be fooled by anybody.

"He is not fooling," said the boy; "he must be my father; there can be no doubt about it, and I am thankful." And dropping on his knees, he uttered a sobbing prayer of thanksgiving.

"The men were all deeply touched, as they gravely shook hands with the father and son.

"It's a rich man that you are now," said the weakened Irishman.

"And the lad will help you to be a Christian," said the ranchman, removing his broad-brimmed hat. "My mother was a Christian, but there has never been a chance for me."

"There is a chance for every one of you," said the boy, eagerly. "I know, because you all have so much kindness stowed away in your hearts, and were so quick to protect me when you thought I needed friends. If you let that kindness show toward every one, for Jesus' sake, you will be Christians all of you. Don't you see how easy it is?"

"I've heard heaps of sermons, but this is the best one I ever listened to. I am going to try to live up to it," said the ranchman.

"And so am I!" "And I!" echoed all the men.

"And Harry shall read the Bible for us, and pray for us, and teach us," said his father. So that was the way that one useful, successful missionary began his life work.—Sel.

The Dying Experience of a Wealthy Man.

He had spent his life amassing a fortune of \$75,000, but had never given any special attention to his soul's salvation.

When he came to die, his wealth was no satisfaction to him, but, on the contrary, it cost him great anguish to fully realize that he had spent his life in amassing wealth to the neglect of his soul.

In this dying condition he called in his brother-in-law to pray for him, who said he called so loudly for mercy that he could scarcely hear himself pray or fix his thoughts on anything. After the prayer was over, he took his hand in both of his, and said, as he shook it, "Good-bye, John. Pray for me. I shall never see your face again." And he never did.

After he had gone away, a neighbor came in and saw the condition he was in, and said something must be done. "I would suggest that we do something to quiet his mind and fears," and so he recom-

mended a game of cards. He replied, "Cards, for a dying man! How contemptible, going into eternity! These are not what I want. I want mercy!"

A little later his son came into the room and said, "Father, what arrangements, if any, do you wish to make in regard to the property?" He said, "I have given all my life to gain property; I cannot take a dollar with me. The law and the family will have to take care of that: I want to take care of my soul. Property avails nothing; I want mercy!"

And so he died, calling upon God for mercy; but he left no evidence that he found it. An illustration of giving a life for the gain of property to the loss of the soul.—Sel.

A Saloon Incident.

There was the sound of the chink, chink of glasses, ribald laughter and cursing, while the atmosphere was thick with the fumes of tobacco and alcohol. The hour was near midnight, and the eyes of the men sitting around the little tables drinking and playing cards, were heavy and bloodshot. The round, red face of the bartender was flushed with beer and exertion; for his patrons were drinking heavily and often. Presently there was a lull in the business, and the barkeeper improved the opportunity by leaning forward and resting both elbows upon the counter in front of him.

For some time a shabbily-dressed old man, standing near the door and leaning against the soiled wall of the room, had been watching the dealing out of the liquor with feverish, blood-shot eyes. His face was pale and thin almost to emaciation, and his gray hair and beard were long and unkempt. The threadbare black coat, which clung loosely about his attenuated frame, was buttoned up tightly around his throat and down his breast. As he stood there, his long, thin hands would clasp and unclasp themselves nervously, while every now and then a tremour would pass over his frame. When the barkeeper leaned his fat arms upon the counter, the old man gave a quick, nervous glance around the room, and walking up to him asked, in a husky voice, for a glass of whiskey.

The bartender looked at him contemptuously for a moment, and then inquired: "Have you got the chink?"

"Certainly, certainly; of course I have. I'm no deadbeat," replied the old man.

The saloonkeeper handed him a glass of the fiery beverage, and he drank it down at a swallow.

As he put the empty glass down upon the counter, he turned to the man behind the bar and said: "Say, old fellow, I have poured a large fortune, a beautiful home, and a loved wife and child into your till, and you have poured ruination down my throat; so I guess you can stand this one drink, for I have not a cent left in the world," and he turned to go.

"Not so fast," cried the enraged saloonkeeper, as he sprang over the bar and seized him by the collar. "You drunken old brute, pay for that glass of whiskey, or I'll kick your old carcass into the gutter."

The old man's voice trembled as he replied: "Don't, don't, old friend. For you I have lost a fortune, home, wife and baby; surely you will not begrudge me a single glass of whiskey? I had to have it or I would have died."

"Out upon you, you snivelling old hypocrite," yelled the saloonkeeper, with an oath, emphasizing his command with a brutal kick and a violent jerk on the coat collar.

The collar gave way, and the greedy eyes saw a thin gold chain to which was fastened a small gold locket, hanging around the bare, wrinkled neck.

"Ha, ha! you old miser," laughed the brute, as he tore the chain violently from off the old man's neck. "I'll keep this little trinket till you pay for the whiskey."

For a moment the old man stood as if dazed, and then, clutching wildly with both hands at his throat in a vain search for the locket, cried out: "For God's sake give me back my locket! Give me back my locket. Don't open it," as the saloonkeeper began to open the locket. "Give it to me! For the love of heaven, give it to me."

"You blubbering old idiot," laughed the saloonkeeper, "who'd have thought you'd have a sweet-

heart at your time of life? Come, boys, let us see what kind of a looking gal she is."

Then the lockers-on saw a strange sight. The gray-headed old man flung himself on his knees before the brutal saloonkeeper, and while the tears ran down his hollow cheeks, begged and implored him to give him back the locket.

But the saloonkeeper only laughed and said: "Must be a pretty girl to make all that fuss over. I wouldn't miss seeing her picture now to save my soul from purgatory." As he said this he opened the locket. A long curl of beautiful golden hair fell out, and, catching on his fingers, twined itself around them like a thing of life. "Take it away," he yelled, as he hurled the locket, hair and all, upon the floor, and began to stamp upon them.

Like a tigress fighting for her young, the old man sprang to the rescue of the golden curl. A short, but terrible struggle ensued, and then there was a gleam of glittering steel, a thud, and the grey head fell backward to the floor, while the red blood spurted up in the face of the murderer.

Strong hands seized the saloonkeeper; but the old man was beyond help.

"Oh, my darling, my darling!" he murmured, as his life-blood ebbed away, "who would have thought, when you put your soft white arms around my neck to clasp that locket, kissing me as you did so, and saying in your sweet baby voice: "Papa, I love 'oo,

I love 'oo so. Won't 'oo tiss me 'cause I gives 'oo such a sweet 'birfday's present?'—who would have thought that I should die a drunkard's death, stabbed in a drunken quarrel over a lock of my dead baby's golden hair? **F**orgive me! Oh, forgive me! my murdered wife and child!" And then raising himself on one elbow, he almost shrieked, while his face took on a look of more than mortal anguish: "May God curse and blast whisky and all who deal in it, as whisky has cursed and blasted me and mine!"—and he fell back a corpse.—Sel.

Brandied Pies--A True Story.

A lady writing to the "Episcopal Recorder," vouches for the truth of the following story:

"One cold winter's night a reformed man, with his wife and daughter, who lived in the country, visited some friends at a distance. After spending a pleasant evening, they arose to leave, when they were urged to take some freshly baked mince-pie. After some hesitation they consented. Whey they were seated in the sleigh, the man turned to his wife and said, "Wife, I am lost; that piece of pie has aroused the demon of drink in me." He stopped his horses at the first tavern, and insisted on getting out for a drink. Of course, the wife and daughter were helpless; the second and third taverns were reached, and again the temptation was yielded to. Remonstrance

was in vain. They reached home, and instead of putting away the horses he drove to the nearest tavern, and spent the rest of the night in a drunken debauch. The next morning he was found dead by the roadside. His poor suffering wife died of a broken heart, and his daughter ended her days in an insane asylum. One piece of brandied mince pie and this the result—for these are facts.

Another case was that of a young girl who had contracted the habit of drinking, but had reformed. She was to be married at a certain time if she would keep her pledge. Her mistress insisted upon her putting brandy in the mince meat. She did so. In a short time she disappeared, and some time afterward it was ascertained that she had become drunk, and in utter despair of ever being able to stand had drowned herself.—Sel.

My Sunday School Scholar.

Going once to the Sunday-school, I saw near the door a little girl, about thirteen years of age, who leaned her pale face upon the balustrade. Never before had I seen such a weak and miserable looking creature. I asked her if she would like to go in and hear the children sing. Tossing back her dirty hair, bleached by the sun, and looking at me sheepishly, she followed me in without speaking.

Next Sunday she returned. I explained the par-

able of the Prodigal Son. The poor child looked at me anxiously, and listened almost breathlessly. Little by little she drew near to me, and taking hold of my coat held it in her thin wasted fingers, as if she feared that I might leave before I had finished speaking of the love of God toward sinners. The children went out, but she remained. When alone with her, I spoke to her of Jesus, and told her He had been crucified for our sins. After teaching her to repeat a short prayer, I said :

"Will you come next Sunday to hear about the Good Shepherd ?"—

'I know,' she answered, 'my father will beat me, for he does not want me to go to the meetings. But I will come,' she added brightly, and with determination. She came and listened with the greatest attention to the story of 'the lost sheep.' Her eyes were filled with tears while I spoke of how Jesus, the Good Shepherd, had come down from heaven to seek and save poor lost sinners ; and that wicked men had beaten Him, crowned Him with thorns, and nailed Him to the cross between two thieves. Her countenance brightened as I described the joy of the Saviour when He found the lost sheep, and put it upon His shoulders. Next Sunday she was absent, and later they told me she was very ill. I went to the miserable cave these people called their home. They were rag pickers. The rags served as a bed for them. Upon a pile of the largest pieces lay my

poor little pupil, so discolored and feeble that I hardly recognized her. When she saw me, she cried out anxiously :

'Oh, come, come here and speak to me of Him.'

'Speak of whom ?' I asked.

'You know well ! Speak to me of Him—of the good One you call Jesus.' She listened with the greatest attention whilst I once more told of the crucifixion of Jesus. 'He took all our sins upon His innocent head.' I continued. 'He paid our debt ; believe this and you will go to that beautiful heaven where He has prepared a place for you.'

She drank with avidity at the fountain of living waters for which her soul thirsted : she, who three weeks before, knew nothing of the treasures hidden in the sacrifice of the Saviour. Her once stupid features shone with intelligence, but she seemed indifferent to all that passed around her. Next day I was astonished at the progress of the disease. I repeated, in a low voice, the parable of the Prodigal Son, which had so profoundly impressed her from the time we first met.

She turned toward me, and her face revealed the greatest interest. When I came to the beautiful passage, 'But when He was yet a long way off, His Father saw him,' she exclaimed in moving accents :

'Ah ! just as I was. Repeat it ! That is good ! Being 'yet a long way off !' Oh ! so far off—far off—far off with the devil ; far off from God and the Lamb.'

After a moment's silence, during which I moistened her blanched parched lips, she continued—

'Yes, far off—far off; but the Father saw him before he saw the Father. But—why did he not clothe himself a little better before he returned home? I know, I forgot,' she answered, excitedly, but in profound sadness: 'you told me that we could not cleanse our hearts; yet I wished for power to do so; I wanted to show Jesus that I wished to be good.'

'But His blood cleanses us from all sin,' I answered. 'Do you not believe that Jesus died for you? If you believe this your sins are blotted out of His book, even though they are like scarlet, they shall be whiter than snow.'

'Oh! how good Jesus is.' How good He is! but, said the child, trembling, and covering her face with her hands, while the tears ran down, and sobs shook her poor weak body—

'I fear that I have been worse than this bad son,' she answered, at last. 'I have told lies, and you know that no liar will enter the kingdom of Heaven. I have spoken evil words—horrible words—worse than you ever heard: and God has said that we should not take His name in vain; besides this, I had a book full of wicked songs, and I sang them. I have stolen, too, when I went home from the Sunday-school,' she continued. 'I thought of these things, and was afraid of God. But I remembered the poor thief, who died by the side of Jesus. Then

when all were asleep, I got up quietly and went to that corner near the fire and tore up my song book in a thousand pieces : the red cover that I thought so pretty I tore up also. I destroyed all—burned all to ashes. Then I said, 'Blessed Jesus! I want to love Thee; I want to refuse all evil; help me; take away my evil thoughts; do it blessed Jesus. I believe that He has done it, I know that He has heard me,' she added with animated accents, 'for I feel that I have been changed since that time. Now I am not afraid—no, not afraid. I love Him—how I love him.'

We spoke of many other things which I cannot now recount. She grew in grace. God was fast ripening her for heaven. When I asked her if she understood me, she answered, 'Yes, yes, go on; we have only a little time.' When I returned she was in a stupor—her breathing so labored that it was difficult to understand what she said. I spoke to her of the sufferings of the Saviour, of His thirst upon the cross. Of His being forsaken of God, when He suffered in our place, then adding: 'And all this Jesus suffered for you.' Her look toward heaven expressed profound gratitude; and never shall I forget the joy with which she said, though her voice was scarcely intelligible, 'Thanks to Thee, blessed Jesus.'

After some moments of silence she fixed her eyes upon me. 'Do you wish me to thank God?' I asked.

'Oh! yes, yes that is it,' she answered. Night came on, death rapidly drew near, but the pallid figure of the child shone in the dark valley. Her feet and hands were cold. It was a solemn hour.

For a moment all was quiet; the difficult breathing almost ceased, when with sudden energy and a strength which I had never believed she had, she rose up, and fastening a loving gaze upon me she exclaimed in a clear voice, 'Call them, make them come in, and speak to them of Jesus—speak to them of Jesus.'

Again there was a moment of silence.

She panted for breath; a slight spasm agitated her features.

Then I said, 'Dear child! Jesus has gained the victory for thee.'

She laid hold of this word with a cry of joy, such as her lips had never before spoken during the course of her sad life, and said:

'Victory! victory!! I am washed and purified! Glory—'

The rest of the song she sang with the redeemed in the Heavenly Father's mansion.—*Selected.*

Answered Prayer.

In the winter of 1900 a family living in Missouri were brought into straitened circumstances. Towards Spring, the supply of provisions for the home and fodder for the animals began to fail; slowly but surely, the supply grew shorter and shorter until

the hay and grain were all gone, and the pantry shelves were empty, so that all alike were without food. The snow had so blockaded the roads, that it seemed impossible for any one to get through. What was to be done?

They had determined never to go in debt, and now the money was all spent and nothing to satisfy the cravings of hunger. It seemed that they had done everything, and yet there was one thing more these people loved and feared God. Why not ask Him for help? So down on their knees went the whole family and asked the One who careth "for even the sparrows," to send them help. Surely God would answer prayer. Noon came, but no answer; evening was coming on, but still no relief came. The ponies whinnied, the cows lowed, as if to say, "Give me hay, give me hay." The father and mother of the home had not tasted food all that day, but their faith claimed the promise, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." Amid it all, the mother could rejoice in the fullness of the blessing, believing God would send help. The father was not so confident, as the darkness came on and still no answer. How often our faith wavers just when it should be strong; when perhaps a few moments more would secure the victory! Just as he expressed his feelings the children who had been looking out of the window shouted, "Oh, papa, there comes our load of hay." A moment more the door opens and there stands a good brother, loaded down with provisions for all.

They, then, went down on their knees and thanked God for His kindness. The faith of that mother

brought the answer, no wonder she exclaimed, "I knew it would come, for, if it were impossible to get through the snow, I believe God would have sent it from heaven."—*Taken from "The Missionary World" and abridged.*

A Beautiful Incident.

Years ago, two American men were voyaging across the Atlantic Ocean. On a certain Sabbath evening many of the passengers on the vessel, met in a cabin to sing hymns. The last they sang was that beautiful hymn of Mr. Wesley's, which, like himself, will forever live though his body lies dead in the tomb—"Jesus lover of my Soul." As they sang this old familiar song of Zion, one of the men hearing a rich, melodious voice behind him, which he thought he knew, turned round to see its owner, but did not recognize the face. However, feeling sure that he had heard the voice before, he turned and asked the singer if he had not been in the Civil War. The singer replied that he had been a Confederate soldier. "Were you at such a place on such a night?" asked the first man. The other replied that he had been there and stated that, that very night the following very curious incident occurred. He had been posted on sentry duty near the edge of a wood. It was a dark cold night and he felt considerably alarmed, as the enemy was supposed to be very near. About midnight, when everything was very still, he was feeling homesick and weary, and felt strangely drawn

to pray and sing. He said he remembered singing part of this very hymn, especially the verse,

"All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head,
With the shadow of Thy wing"

"After singing this verse," he said, "A strange peace came down upon me, and through the long night, I felt no more fear."

The first speaker replied, "I was a Union soldier, and was in the wood that night with a party of scouts. I saw you standing, although I did not see your face. My men had their rifles focused upon you, waiting the word to fire, but when you sang out,

"Cover my defenceless head,
With the shadow of Thy wing,"

I said, "Boys, lower your rifles, we will go home."

Thus, we see the peculiar providence of God over one who trusted in Him. A moment later and he would have been shot, but in that moment God had caused him to sing aloud the beautiful words,

"Cover my defenceless head, etc.,"
and the soldiers could not fire. Does not this also illustrate the truth, that "the hearts of all men are in His hands?" for 'twas God who touched those soldiers and caused them to refrain from doing what they fully purposed to do.

"He that trusteth in the Lord shall never be confounded."

Another incident on this line is worthy of repeating: A boy went into the American army a few years ago. He was a Christian lad. When he returned home after the war, he said to his mother: "Mother, I saw men shot beside me, I stepped in their place, and others were shot beside me: I stepped in their place and another dropped ahead of me, and so on, but I never received a bullet wound." He was greatly surprised and expected his mother would be also; but she calmly replied, "My boy, no bullet could touch you, for all the time you were away your mother had her finger of faith on that promise," pointing to *Psa. 91: 7*—"A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand: but it shall not come nigh thee."—*Selected.*

Two Death-Beds.

Whenever I speak to parents, two fathers come before me. One lived on the Mississippi River. He was a man of great wealth. One day his eldest son had been borne home unconscious. They did everything that man could do to restore him, but in vain. Time passed, and after a terrible suspense he recovered consciousness.

"My son," the father whispered, "the doctor tells me you are dying."

"Oh," said the boy, "you never prayed for me, father; won't you pray for my lost soul now?"

The father wept. It was true he had never prayed. He was a stranger to God. And in a little

while that soul, unprayed for, passed into its dark eternity.

The father has since said "that he would give all his wealth, if he could call back his boy, only to offer one short prayer for him."

What a contrast is the other father! He, too, had a lovely son; and one day, he came home to him at the gates of death. His wife was weeping, and she said:

"Our boy is dying; he has had a change for the worse. I wish you would go in and see him."

The father went into the room and placed his hand upon the brow of his dying boy, and could feel the cold, damp sweat was gathering there; the cold, icy hand of death was feeling for the cold of life.

"Do you know, my son, that you are dying?" asked the father.

"Am I? Is this death? Do you really think I am dying?"

"Yes, my son; your end, on earth, is near."

"And will I be with Jesus to-night, father?"

"Yes; you will soon be with the Saviour."

"Father, don't weep; for when I get there, I will go straight to Jesus and tell Him that you have been trying all my life to lead me to Him."

God has given me three children, and ever since I can remember, I have directed them to Christ. I would rather they carried this message to Jesus—that I had tried all their life to lead them to Him—than to have all the crowns of the earth; I would rather lead them to Jesus than give them the wealth of the world.—*Selected.*

An Awful Death-bed.

A young skeptic who was dying, said, "Be gone," to a Christian, "I want none of your cant; I am not going to die, and if I were, I would die as I have lived."

The doctor came, and he said, "Oh, tell me, I am not dying; I will not die."

"I cannot speak falsely to you; your spirit will soon be with your God," said the doctor.

"My God?" he said, "I have no God, but the world; I have stifled conviction, I have fought against Almighty God; I have resisted my friends' pleadings, and now you tell me I must die. Do you know," he hissed in an awful whisper, "what that means? If I die to-day, I shall go to hell! Take it back! Tell me I am not going to die. Father," he said, "it is you who taught me this; you led me on this way, and now I must die. Stand back!" he shrieked, "I will not die!" and a torrent of oaths issued from his fever-parched lips, so terrible in their madness that it seemed like a wail from the pit of woe.

No wonder the poor mother was borne fainting from the room, and the father's brow was corrugated and great drops of agony rested there. In the midst of dire cursings, his gifted son fell back a corpse.
—Selected.

Jesus, too Good to Give Up.

The following touching incident of child martyrdom is given by Eileen Douglas in "All the World." We give it in abridged form.

Mattie was the child of drunken parents. She lived in the slums of a large city. By chance, one night, she strayed into a meeting. Christ was presented so lovingly and clearly that her young heart was hungry and anxious to receive Him. When the invitation was given to seekers to come to Jesus she wanted to go, but, fearing that it did not mean her, she slyly slipped up to the leader and asked, "Does it mean me?" When she was assured that it did, and told just what to do, she dropped upon her knees, and with closed eyes and folded hands said, "Oh, Jesus, I've come." She tripped lightly home in her new found joy. Arriving there, she poured out her story, imagining in her innocence that her drunken parents had never heard of Jesus, who would do so much for them, and only needed to be told and they would come too.

Instead of that, she was cursed and whipped, and forbidden ever attending the meeting again.

The peace of God kept her through it all, saying quietly to herself, "He's too good to give up."

She went again, and this time was punished more severely than before. But nothing could quench the love in Mattie's heart,—neither persecution, starvation, nor cold. For one hour with Jesus she would bear anything; so next night, saw her in

her accustomed place. Returning home she rushed up to her father: "I could not help it; I had to go! Jesus is too good to give up!"

Giving her a furious kick in the side, from which she soon died, and muttering, "I told you I'd kill ye," the murderer left her bleeding on the floor. During her dying hours she suffered much, and yet, in the midst of it all, she said that she was "so happy." She pleaded earnestly for her mother's soul; and when at last the conflict was ended, and years of sin and shame had been swept away by the blood of Jesus, Mattie's power of speech failed her, and she could only lie and look with unutterable affection into her mother's face. A little while before she passed away, she called for her mother to bring her dress and the scissors. Then she asked for the patch that was stained with her life-blood to be cut out. She looked at it, smiled, and then handing it back, said, "Give—give—it—to him." Then gasped and seemed almost to sink away. Gathering once more all her remaining strength, she added, "and—say—it—was—because—I loved—Him—so. He—was—to—good—to—give—up." Dying then, she entered the world of love.—*Selected.*

Gone Too Sleep.

"Tarley so tired, mammal Tarley wants to do to seep."

The little head tossed restlessly upon the pillow, the tangled black curls contrasting strikingly with its snowy whiteness. Baby Charley had been sick—

very sick—for weeks, and now the end was drawing near. His widowed mother, sitting beside his crib, her heart just breaking as she listened to his pitiful moaning cries for "seep," felt quite sure that, before the morning dawned again, her darling would be locked in the embrace of the sleep that knows no earthly waking. But she choked back her sobs (for Charley must not see her cry during these last moments together), and whispered tender, soothing words to him, as she pressed and kissed the little white hands that would not cease their restless tossing.

"Take Tarley, mamma," wailed the little one; and in a moment he was folded in her loving arms, as she rocked him gently to and fro, her face buried in his black curls, which were growing damp with her flowing tears.

"Tell a 'tory, mamma. Tell a—nice—true—'tory—'nen Tarley do—to—seep." The words came gasping now, for the end was almost come.

"What shall the story be about, darling?" asked the mother, controlling her voice by a supreme effort, while her heart cried out to God for help. "Which story does Charley want to night?"

Wilbert—March 25

"The—bestest—one—of—all—mamma," he answered, rolling his head from side to side upon her bosom, "The—bestest—one—of—all! 'Bout Desus b'essin' 'ittle child'en—you--know—mamma. Tell twick—mamma—Tarley wants to do to seep."

With broken accents the poor mother told once again the story Charley loved so well—the "bestest

one of all"—the sweet story of how Jesus loved the children and bade them "come" unto Him, and took them in His arms and blessed them. And as she talked the little form grew still, the curly head settled down quietly on her bosom, the blue-veined lids folded themselves slowly over the great black eyes, and she almost fancied that her darling had indeed fallen into a natural slumber—the slumber that the physicians hoped might save his life, if it would only come. But, no! As she finished the "tory" and ceased speaking the heavy lids raised themselves flutteringly, the tiny hand with a final effort was laid in caressing upon her cheek, once more, and the stiffening lips whispered, "Fank oo, mamma—pitty mamma—dat—tory—so—nice. Desus—said—tum! Tarley tumin—Desus—tause I'm so tired. Dood—night—mamma—sweet—mamma—now—Tarley—do—to—seep."

The blue lids fell, the little form straightened out with a spasmodic shudder, the tiny hand dropped like a snow flake from her cheek—Charley had gone to sleep —*Selected.*

An Awful Charge.

A young girl, eighteen years of age, a native of New York, was brought up by her parents in all the gaieties and follies of youth; and by them encouraged to ornament her person and engage in every vain amusement. When she was taken ill, three physicians were sent for immediately, who pronounced her speedy dissolution. No sooner was their opinion made known

to her, than she requested, as a favor, that all her gay companions might be collected with haste. They were soon around her bed, when she told them she was going to die. She described the awful manner in which they had spent their precious time, and exhorted them all to repentance, before it was too late, in a very affecting manner.

She then turned to her father and mother, and addressed to them in the presence of her acquaintance, these heart-rending words:

"You have been the unhappy instruments of my being; you fostered me in pride, and led me in the paths of sin; you never once warned me of my danger; and now, it's too late. In a few hours, you will have to cover me with earth; but remember, while you are casting earth upon my body, my soul will be in hell; and yourselves, the miserable cause!" She soon after expired.—*From Anecdotes on the Catechism.*

Ten Thousand Worlds for Peace,

The comfortable influence of the precious truths of the Bible at a dying hour, was manifest in the case of a poor soldier who was mortally wounded at the Battle of Waterloo. His companion conveyed him to some distance, and laid him down under a tree. Before he left him, the dying soldier entreated him to open his knapsack and take out his pocket Bible, and read to him a small portion of it before he died. When asked what passage he should read, he desired him to read, John 14:27, "Peace I leave with you;

my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you."

"Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." "Now," said he, "I die happy. I desire to have peace with God and I possess the peace of God that passeth all understanding." A little while after, one of his officers passed him, and seeing him in such an exhausted state, asked him how he did. He said, "I die happy, for I enjoy the peace of God, which passeth all understanding," and then expired. The officer left him, and went into the battle, where he was soon after mortally wounded. When surrounded by his brother officers, full of anguish and dismay, he cried out, "Oh, I would give ten thousand worlds, if I had them, that I possessed that peace that gladdened the heart of a dying soldier whom I saw lying under a tree; for he declared that he possessed that peace of God which passeth all understanding. I know nothing of this peace! I die miserable, for I die in despair."—*Taken from Anecdotes on the Catechism.*

My Master Calls Me.

Mr. Robert Bruce, the morning before he died being at breakfast and having eaten an egg, said to his daughter, "I think, I am yet hungry. You may bring me another egg." But having mused a while, he said, "Hold, daughter, hold, my Master calls me." With these words, his sight failed him; on which he called for the Bible, and said, "turn to the 8th chapter of the Romans, and set my finger on the words, "I

am persuaded that neither death, nor life, etc., shall be able to separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus my Lord."

When this was done, he said, "Now is my finger pon them?" Being told that it was, he added, "Now, God be with you, my children; I have break-fasted with you, and shall sup with my Lord Jesus Christ this night," and then expired.—*Selected.*

Willie Holt, the Boy Martyr.

A friend in India has sent me the following touching story, which I have rewritten for our young readers. If it touches your heart as it has mine, I am sure it will do you good. This General in the Indian service says:

I had in my regiment a little bugler. His father and mother had died and he was left alone. He was not always treated kindly by the rough soldiers, yet he remained an out-and-out Christian. He was trained by his Christian mother, and among the rough soldiers he showed that his conversion was a reality by his beautiful life.

One morning it was reported that the targets were thrown down during the night and the usual practice could not take place. The act was traced to the tent in which our little Christian, Willie Holt slept, with perhaps half a dozen more. The whole lot were put under arrest, and it was proven by court-martial that one or more of the prisoners were guilty of the offence. The General in command then turned

to the prisoners and said, "If one of you, who slept in No. 4 last night, will come forward and take the punishment, the rest will get off free; but, if not, each one of you will receive ten strokes with the 'cat-o'-nine-tails.'" Silence followed, then Willie Holt stepped forward.

His face was pale as death, and he said, "I will take the punishment for the rest." I turned to the prisoners and said, "Will you let this delicate boy take punishment for you? He is guiltless, you know as well as I do." I knew my military word must stand and the boy knew it too, as he said, "I am ready, sir."

It made me sick at heart to think of having the innocent boy lashed with the cruel whip. At the fourth blow, Jim Sykes, the black sheep of the regiment, seized the cruel whip and shouted out, "General, stop it! and tie me up instead. He did not do it, I did," and he flung his arms around the boy.

Fainting, and almost speechless Willie lifted his eyes to the man's face and smiled, "No, Jim," he whispered, "you are safe now; the General's word will stand." His head fell forward—he had fainted.

The next day as, I went into the hospital, I asked how the lad was getting on. "He is sinking, General," said the doctor. "The shock of yesterday was too much. He is more fit for heaven than earth." The tears stood in his eyes.

In the corner of the room, I saw the lad propped up on some pillows, and, kneeling by his side, was Jim Sykes. I saw drops of sweat standing on his brow and heard him say, "Why did you do it, Willie?"

"Because I wanted to take it for you, I thought it might help you to understand a little bit why Christ died for you."

"What do you mean, Willie?"

"I mean that He died for you because He loved you as I do, Jim; only, Christ loved you much more. I only suffered for one of your sins, but Christ suffered punishment for all the sins you ever committed. The punishment was death; and, Jim, Christ suffered that death for you."

"I'm one of the bad 'uns; Christ never cared anything for me."

"But He died to save the bad ones. His words were, 'I came not to call the righteous, but sinners.' 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be like snow, though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.' Dear Jim," he added, "shall the Lord have died in vain for you? He has poured out His precious life blood for you. He is knocking at the door of your heart; won't you let him in? Oh, you must, and then we shall meet again in heaven."

In a few moments, Willie fell back on his pillow. Half unconscious, I heard him say, "Sing to me, mother, the Gates of Pearl." He appeared, as if listening to his mother's voice, and I heard him saying, "I shall be there, mother."

"Where do you mean, Willie?" I asked. With a smile, he answered, "Why, in heaven, General! The roll call has sounded for me; the gates are open; the price is paid." Then softly, as if entering the gates of pearl, I heard him saying:

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come."

Gently, he lifted his eyes to mine, saying:
"General, you will help Jim, won't you? You will
show him the way to Jesus, and the gates—of—
pearl?"

Suddenly, a light flashed in his dying eyes, and
with a radiant, happy cry, he flung out his arms as
if in welcome, saying, "Jesus is calling me to His side.
Mother—oh, mother! I come to meet you, and I
have found you waiting to receive me." Slowly the
light faded from the shining eyes, and the brave
spirit of the martyred boy, who died to save Jim
Sykes, had gone to rest.—*Selected.*

A Child Shall Lead,

Two little children, playing in the snow, were
invited by a young lady to her Temperance school.
So impressive was the talk and so earnest the invita-
tion, the little ones rose with the rest to pledge never
to touch intoxicants, and went home firm in the
determination. As usual, at supper time, Fred's
father brought out the tin pail and bade him go for
the beer. "I can't papa." "Can't,—why not?"
"I'm a temperance boy now." "Tush! tush! child!
Go for the beer!" "Papa, I can't." "But you must,"
—angrily. "Papa, won't you please whip me and go,
for yourself?" "Fred, not another word," the

mother interrupted, decidedly; "go and get the beer." "But, mamma, I've promised not to touch it. Won't you whip me *hard* and let papa go?" "Nonsense! You shall never darken the door of that Temperance school again. The idea of teaching my children to disobey me!" Fred hesitated a moment, then a bright thought seemed to come, for he smiled. "Put the pail on the doorstep, then," he said, and the father willing to humor him, put the pail on the verandah and closed the door. Fred went to the wood-pile, selected a long stick, thrust it through the handle of the pail, and called to his sister. "Take hold, Fannie; papa has sent me for the beer, and it's got to be done, but I won't even touch the pail." They reached the liquor dealer's and tapped on the window. The proprietor looked out. "Come in!" he called kindly. "No, sir!" Then, pointing to the pail on the doorstep, "Father wants his beer." "Bring it in." "I will not, I'm a temperance boy." So the liquor dealer was forced to come for the empty pail. He returned with it filled, and held it toward the lad. "Put it on the step. I will not touch it." The man was obliged to obey. Once more, the boy thrust the long stick through the handle of the pail, and slowly and sorrowfully the children walked home. The father, seated by the window, saw them coming. "Mother, come here this minute. Just look at those children! They won't touch the beer, and they are bringing it home on a stick." Silently the two watched their children—their good, obedient children. "How sad they look, poor things," the father said, remembering how Fred had pleaded to be whipped

rather than be sent for the beer." I declare, I'm ashamed to be drinking the stuff. We used to have money before we got into the habit. Suppose we give it up." "I will, if you will." "It's a bargain." Slowly the children came, not knowing of the glad surprise awaiting them. "Freddie," the father said, as they came up the pathway, "you may pour that beer out into the road. Father and mother have decided not to drink any more, if it hurts their little boy and girl so." With glad shouts, they hurried to the street. A stranger, riding by, wondered why those children were so happy over pouring into the roadway the contents of a pail of beer! But Fred and Fannie knew.—*Selected.*

A Triumphant Entry.

The following is an account of the death of George Russell, written by a member of the family.

In the month of March, 1895, sickness entered our home, claiming as his victim one who was dearly beloved, especially in the home circle, a loving father and faithful husband, who had served God for years with a whole heart, and was continually in touch with heavenly things. He attended meeting with us on Saturday evening previous to his illness, and was deluged with the mighty power of God, so that he could not refrain from shouting God's praises; testifying that he was "ready for anything: sacrifice or service."

The following day he was not able to leave the house, but we were not alarmed, thinking it was only

a cold, and that by the application of simple remedies, would soon be better. But God had designed it otherwise, as in a few day he was to be among the white robed throng.

By Wednesday, his cold had developed and pneumonia had set in; but his one theme was Jesus! What times of refreshing we had in that sick room, as we would kneel in prayer and read God's precious word! As he called us separately to his bedside and talked with us, how our hearts would burn within us! Praise God, it still lingers. Never can I forget the time, when dusting the room, father said, "Shall we have a little prayer meeting, this morning?" I quickly got on my knees, and as I did, he said: "Can you say 'Thy will be done,' even if it means to take father away?" God saw the struggle and came to my relief. I have never ceased praising Him for the grace that enabled me to say 'amen' to His divine will. We wept, we prayed, we praised God together. That night he became delirious, but still he kept telling us that Jesus had washed him and taken all the pain away. A few brothers and sisters in Christ, met in the room and sang and prayed, but he took little notice of them. Occasionally, he would rally enough to recognize us, and would hold mother's hand, and point toward heaven; and then again lapse into unconsciousness. His strength was almost gone, but again a rift in the clouds allowed the setting sun to send forth one more bright ray; his lips moved as if trying to say something.

Was it a message? or a sight of regret? but listen! he's speaking now, "I'm sweeping—through the—

gates," then all is quiet again. Only once more, did reason return long enough to recognize one of the brethren; then, with a sweet smile on his face and without a struggle he fell asleep.

Just Judgment of God.

In the village of W— P— a certain young man was in the habit of attending religious meetings, where the whole truth of God was declared. Sin, of every kind, was exposed and discourtenanced. One evening in July, the speaker was discoursing on the text found in Amos 4: 12: "Prepare to meet thy God." He warned every one to prepare; to leave all sin, secret societies, social gatherings, etc., such as gratify only the flesh, and pride of life, and give no help to the inner man. This young man became highly offended and determined that in some way he would show his disbelief in what was said. The suggestion was made, why not put a flag of the order to which he belonged, on the chapel; accordingly, a flag was erected on the house of God in defiance of the truth. A Christian gentleman removed it, but next morning, before setting out for the celebration at N—two more flags were put up. The young man said, "I'll take them down, when I come back to-night." Accordingly, he went to N—where the day was spent in dissipation. In the evening, as he was at the station seeing some of his associates off, he attempted to jump from a moving train, when his foot slipped and he fell between the moving cars. In one moment an arm and leg were severed from his body. For an

hour, he blasphemed God before hundreds of spectators, and then, death closed the awful scene.—
Written for this work by R. Collins.

An Old Man's Story.

I am an old man, standing alone at the end of life's journey. There is deep sorrow in my heart and bitter tears in my eyes. I have journeyed over a dark and beaconless ocean and, in life's bright hopes, have been wrecked. I am without friends, home or kindred on earth, and look with eager longings for the rest of the night of death—without friends, kindred or home. It was not so once.

No, my friends; it was not so once. Away over the dark and treacherous waste which has wrecked all my hopes, there is the blessed light of happiness and home. I grasp convulsively for the shrine of household idols that once was mine, now mine no more.

With her old heart crushed with sorrow, she went down to her grave. I once had a wife, as fair an angel-hearted creature as ever smiled on an earthly home. Her eye was as a summer sky and her heart as faithful and true as ever cherished a husband's love or clung to him when fallen. Her blue eyes grew dim as floods of sorrow washed out their brightness and the loving heart I wrung, until every fibre was rudely broken.

I once had a baby—a sweet, tender blossom, but these hands destroyed it, and it lives with One who loveth children. I once had a noble, a brave

and beautiful boy, but he was driven out from the ruins of his childhood home, and I know not, if he yet lives.

Do not be startled, friends; I am not a murderer in the common acceptation of the term—I am guilty of much, but there is light in my evening sky! A spirit mother rejoices over the return of her prodigal son. The wife smiles upon him who again turns back to virtue and honor. The angel child visits me at nightfall and I feel the hallowing touch of a tiny palm upon my fevered cheek. My brave boy, if living would forgive the sorrowing old man for the treatment that drove him out into the world and the blow that maimed him for life, God Almighty in Heaven, forgive me for the ruin I have brought upon me and mine.

I was once a fanatic, and madly followed the malign light that led me to ruin. I was a fanatic when I sacrificed my wife, children, happiness and hope to the accursed demon of the bowl. I was a fanatic when I broke the heart and sent to the grave the gentle being, whom I injured so greatly.

I was a drunkard. From respectability and opulence I plunged into degradation and poverty. I dragged my family down with me. For years, I saw my wife's cheek grow pale and her step grow weary. I left her alone amid the wreck of her home idols and rioted at the saloon. She never complained, though she and the children were hungry for bread.

One New Year's night, I left the midnight revel at the saloon for the hovel where charity had given us a shelter. Deeply intoxicated, I reached about

half the distance and yielded to the intense cold of the storm and lay down upon the drifts, with the slumber of drunkenness and death upon me. My wife, a poor frail creature, had become alarmed about me and ventured out in the storm to seek me. She found me insensible with cold. She stretched her own body upon mine and with her own heat warmed the chilling blood in my veins and saved me from freezing and death. Struggling until she raised me to my feet, she started me home, bidding me rest not for my life, until I reached home.

Arriving there, I found the babe wailing in the arms of the boy, who was vainly attempting to quiet it. I felt the demon in every vein; and snatching it from his arms, with a curse, I hurled it upon the coal.

At that moment, the mother came in and like a tigress sprang and snatched the child from its tortures. Its agonizing shrieks will linger in my ear while I live. I demanded food. Mary turned her gaze upon me, the tears falling fast upon her cheeks. "We have no food, James, and merciful heavens! must murder be added to *starvation*."

That sad pleading face, the streaming eyes, and the wail of the babe maddened me, and I—yes, I—struck her a fearful blow in the face, and she fell forward on the hearth. The furies of hell boiled in my bosom with deeper intensity, as I felt I had committed a great wrong. I had never struck Mary before, but now some terrible impulse bore me on and I stooped down as well as I could in my drunken state and clenched both hands in her hair.

"God of mercy, James," exclaimed my wife,

as she looked up into my fiendish countenance. "You will not kill us! Poor Willie, he must die," and she tried to soothe the little sufferer in its cruel pain. I could not bear the shrieks of the child and became furious. Dragging her to the door and lifting the latch, the wind burst in with a cloud of snow. With the yell of a fiend, I still dragged her on and hurled her out into the darkness and the storm. With a wild "Ha! Ha!" I closed the door and turned the key, her pleading moans mingling with the wail of the blast and the quick, grasping shrieks of the babe. But the work was not complete. I turned to the bed where my son had hidden and dragged him out. He clung to my knees and called me by a name I was unworthy to bear.

My eye rested upon the axe in the corner and I grasped it with the determination to kill him. The boy saw the axe and sprang for the window, where a blanket was the only protection from the storm. As he sprang out, the blow I leveled at his head fell upon the sill and severed his hand from the arm.

It was morning when I awoke and the storm had ceased, but the cold was intense. I first secured a drink of water and then looked in the accustomed place for Mary, as I missed her for the first time. A shadowy sense of some horrible nightmare began to dawn upon my wandering mind. I thought that I had dreamed a fearful dream and involuntarily opened the door with a shuddering dread.

As the door opened, the snow burst in, followed by the fall of a hard body across the threshold, scattering the snow and striking the floor with a sharp

quick sound. My blood shot like red hot arrows through my veins and I rubbed my eyes to shut out the light. It was—it—God, how terrible!—it was my own injured Mary and her babe frozen to ice! The ever true mother had bowed herself over the child to shield it and wrapped her own clothing around it, leaving her own person stark and bare to the storm. She had placed her hair over the face of the child, and the sleet had frozen it to the white cheek. The frost was white in its half-open eyes and upon its tiny fingers. I knew not what became of my boy.

I was arrested and for months raved in delirium. I was sent to prison for ten years, but its tortures were nothing compared to those in my own bosom. God knows I am not a fanatic, but I hate the drink. I wish to injure no one, but while I live, let me strive to warn others not to enter the path which has been so dark and fearful to me.

I would see my angel child in the better land, where, God Almighty be thanked, rum is not sold, and drunkenness is not. If there is one here this night who has been as I have been, let me beseech him as a brother whom I love, by the dark and beaconless past, by all that is yet left amid the ruins of the present and all that man can hope in the future—let him come and sign the pledge!—*Selected.*

Conversion of a Burglar.

Valentine Burke was his name. He was an old-time burglar, with his knife and gun always ready for use. His picture adorned many a rogue's gallery, for Burke was a real burglar and none of your cheap amateurs. He had a courage born of many desperate "jobs." Twenty years of his life, Burke had spent in prison, here and there. He was a big, strong fellow, with a hard face, and a terrible tongue for swearing, especially at sheriffs and jailers, who were his natural born enemies. There must have been a streak of manhood or a tender spot somewhere about him, you will say, or this story could hardly have happened. I, for one, have yet to find the man who is wholly gone to the bad, and is beyond the reach of man or God. If you have, skip this story, for it is a true one, just as Mr. Moody told it to me in October, up in Brattleboro, Vt. And now that dear Moody is dead, and has spent his first Christmas in heaven, I remember how the big tears fell from his eyes as he told it, and I am thinking how happy he and Burke are, talking it over together up there, where Burke has been waiting for him these long years.

It was twenty-five years or more ago that it happened. Moody was young then, and not long in the ministry. He came to St. Louis to lead a union revival meeting, and the Globe-Democrat announced that it was going to print every word he said, sermon, prayer, and exhortation. Moody said it made him quake inwardly when he read this, but he made up

his mind that he "would weave in a lot of Scripture for the Globe-Democrat to print, and that might count, if his own poor words should fail." He did it, and his printed sermons from day to day were sprinkled with Bible texts. The reporters tried their cunning at putting big, blazing headlines at the top of the columns. Everybody was either hearing or reading the sermons. Burke was in the St. Louis jail, waiting trial for some piece of daring. Solitary confinement was wearing on him, and he put his time in railing at the guard or damning the sheriff on his daily rounds. It was meat and drink to Burke to curse a sheriff. Somebody threw a Globe-Democrat into his cell, and the first thing that caught his eye was a big headline like this: "How the jailer at Philippi got caught." It was just what Burke wanted, and he sat down with a chuckle to read the story of the jailer's discomfiture.

"Philippi!" he said, "that's up in Illinois. I've been in that town."

Somehow the reading had a strange look, out of the unusual newspaper way. It was Moody's sermon of the night before. "What rot is this?" asked Burke. "Paul and Silas, a great earthquake—what must I do to be saved? Has the Globe-Democrat got to printing such stuff?" He looked at the date. Yes, it was Friday morning's paper, fresh from the press. Burke threw it down with an oath, and walked about his cell like a caged lion. By-and-by he took up the paper, and read the sermon through. The restless fit grew on him. Again and again, he picked up the paper and read its strange story. It

was then that a something, from whence he did not then know, came into the burglar's heart, and cut its way to the quick. "What does it mean?" he began asking. "Twenty years and more, I have been a jail-bird, but I never felt like this. What is it to be saved anyway? I've lived a dog's life, and am getting tired of it. If there is such a God as that preacher is telling about, I believe I'll find it out if it kills me to do it." He found it out. Away toward midnight, after hours of bitter remorse over his wasted life, and lonely and broken prayers, the first time since he was a child at his mother's knee, Burke learned that there is a God who is able and willing to blot out the darkest and bloodiest record at a single stroke. Then he waited for a day, a new creature, crying and laughing by turns. Next morning, when the guard came round, Burke had a pleasant word for him, and the guard eyed him in wonder. When the sheriff came, Burke greeted him as a friend, and told how he had found God, after reading Moody's sermon. "Jim," said the sheriff to the guard, "you'd better keep an eye on Burke. He's playing the pious dodge, and the first chance he gets he will be out of here." In a few weeks Burke came to trial, but the case, through some legal entanglement, failed, and he was released. Friendless, an ex-burglar in a big city, known only as a daring criminal, he had a hard time for months of shame and sorrow. Men looked at his face when he asked for work, and upon its evidence, turned him away. But poor Burke was as brave as a Christian, as he had been as a burglar, and struggled on. Moody told how the

poor fellow, seeing that his sin-blurred features were making against him, asked the Lord in prayer, "if He would make him a better-looking man, so that he could get an honest job." You will smile at this, I know, but something or somebody really answered the prayer, for Moody said a year from that time when he met Burke in Chicago, he was as fine a looking man as he knew. I cannot help thinking it was the Lord who did it for him, in answer to his child-like faith. Shifting to and fro, wanting much to find steady work, Burke went to New York, hoping far from his old haunts, to find peace and honest labor. He did not succeed, and after six months, came back to St. Louis, much discouraged, but still holding fast to the God he had found in his prison cell. One day there came a message from the sheriff that he was wanted at the court-house, and Burke obeyed with a heavy heart.

"Some old case they've got against me," he said; "but, if I'm guilty, I'll tell them so; I've done lying."

"Where have you been, Burke?"

"In New York."

"What have you been doing there?"

"Trying to find a decent job," said Burke.

"Have you kept a good grip on the religion you told me about?" inquired the sheriff.

"Yes," answered Burke, looking him straight in the eye. "I have had a hard time, but I haven't lost my religion."

It was then the tide began to turn.

"Burke," said the sheriff, "I have had you shadowed every day you were in New York. I sus-

pected that your religion was a fraud. But I want to say that I know you've lived an honest Christian life, and I am going to give you a deputyship under me. You can begin at once."

He began. He set his face like a flint. Steadily, and with dogged faithfulness, the old burglar went about his duties, until men, high in business, began to tip their hats to him, and talk of him at their clubs. Moody was passing through the city, and stopped off an hour to meet Burke, who loved nobody as he did the man who converted him. Moody told how he found him in a close room, upstairs in the court house, serving as trusted guard over a bag of diamonds. Burke sat with a sack of the gems in his lap and a gun on the table. There were \$60,000 worth of diamonds in the sack.

"Moody," he said, "see what the grace of God can do for a burglar! Look at this! The sheriff picked me out of the force to guard it."

Then he cried like a child as he held up the glittering stones for Moody to see. Years afterward, the Churches of St. Louis had made ready and were waiting for the coming of an evangelist who was to lead the meeting; but something happened and he did not come. The pastors were in sore trouble, until one of them suggested that they send for Valentine Burke to lead the meeting for them. Burke led night after night, and many hard men of the city came to hear him, and many hearts were turned, as Burke's had been, from lives of crime and shame to clean Christian living. There is no more beautiful or pathetic story than that of Burke's gentle story

and faithful life and service in the city where he had been chief of sinners. How long he lived I do not recall, but Moody told me of his funeral, and how the rich and the poor, the saints and the sinners came to it; and how the big men of the city could not say enough over the coffin of Valentine Burke. And, to this day there are not a few in that city whose hearts soften with a strange tenderness, when the name of the burglar is recalled.—*Selected.*

A Dying Testimony.

I was alone at midnight with an aged woman, whose days were nearly spent. "You are not afraid to stay with me while I die," she said, "for Christ is here." After a pause, she continued, "I have a few words to say to you, then I will go to sleep. I am the last of my family; for a hundred and fifty years the promises of God have never failed to us. He has been our ever-present Help, and our gracious Friend. For a hundred and fifty years, no one has died in our family who had not hope in Christ. The youths and adults slept in Jesus; and Christ took the lambs that He called from us and bore them over the dark waters,—and over those waters I am now going. O Father, 'Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me.' To you, I leave my old Bible, and, finally, I have a testimony for you to give to as many as you can in my name, that after sixty-one years, wherein I have professed the name of Christ, I can say that the Lord hath done great things for me, whereof I am glad; and I know that my Redeemer liveth. Even so, come,

Lord Jesus." In a few moments she was dead. I kept the Bible as a precious memento of a family of whom it could be said that they had all died believers.
—*Selected.*

In Eternity in One Hour.

A young man who had been putting off the subject of religion, was one day thrown from his horse, and carried into the nearest house, on being told that he could not live an hour, he cried out, "Must I go into eternity in an hour? Must I stand before my Judge in one short hour? God knows, I have made no preparation for this event! I have heard of impenitent young men thus suddenly cut off, but it never occurred to me that I should be one! Oh, tell me, tell me what I must do to be saved!" He was told that he must repent of his sins, and look to Jesus Christ for pardon. "But I do not know how to repent. The whole work of my lifetime is crowded into this hour of agony. Oh! what shall I do to be saved?" he continued to cry, with an eye glaring with desperation. But death would not wait, and, crying out for aid and instruction, he sank back upon his pillow, and in a moment was in eternity.—*Selected.*

How an Indian Was Converted.

In the back woods of Pennsylvania, there was a remnant of about two hundred Indians of a once famous tribe. They were located in the wilderness with here and there a little patch cleared. They

used to make shingles and get them to the bank of the Susquehanna River, always wanting a part of their pay in whiskey, and this meant a dance and a general good time. One John Johnson, was the fiddler and general manager. He had a wife and several children, the two eldest, a son and a daughter; the young woman gave me the full particulars of her father's wonderful conversion. He was an expert player on the violin, and had an excellent instrument. The tribe had been attending a revival meeting at the school house. He came home one night from the meeting, wife and children at home. There was the old-fashioned fireplace, and the stone chimney, and a good fire was roaring, but all noticed that the father appeared very solemn, and said nothing. He went and got the box of dominoes; all wondered. He deliberately threw them into the fire, remarking as he did it, "I have served the devil long enough with you;" next came a pack of cards, he threw them on the fire, saying, "No more serving the devil with you." Then came the violin, not a string was touched: he smashed this on the side of the chimney, and then threw it on the fire. The daughter said, "I hated to see the violin go, but as he threw it on the big fire he said, 'I have served the devil long enough with you.' His plug of tobacco had been taken from his pocket, and as he threw it on the fire, he said, "No more serving the devil with you." His wife and all the children were sitting in a row before the fire while all this was going on. He, then said, as he took a chair, "Now let us pray." We all got down on our knees, and Oh, how I wish you could

have heard father pray. He said, "I am going to serve God." He called us all together the next morning and said, "Let us pray." Oh, what a changed home! Joy came into our home to stay. But father's trials and crosses were not done. Mother in her ill health had acquired the habit of taking opium and whiskey. But father would buy no more whiskey. He told her he was done serving the devil with whiskey; and told her to pray and ask the Lord to help her. Father had given up all dancing, card playing, tobacco and whiskey. I pitied mother, but I knew father was right. It had gone along about two months. Mother told father that he must quit his family prayers; she would have no more of it unless she could have whiskey and opium. Father was not cross, gave no unkind word. One morning she said to him as we went to prayer, "If you attempt to pray, I'll put a shovel o' coals on your head." I was kneeling next to him. I could not think she would do it, yet I feared I had seen him, while drunk, treat her terribly. I heard her take the big barn shovel. She put it under the forestick and heaped it wth live coals. In an instant she, turned the contents on the top of father's head. He jumped up, shook the fire out of his clothes, then said calmly, "Mary, you must not do that again." I expected to see him knock her down, as I had often seen, when he was drunk. There were about ten places on father's head and neck burned to a blister. Mother, already in the first stage of consumption, lingered for about a year, was converted, and, I believe, died a Christian.

This was during my first pastorate. I was Brother Johnson's pastor one year when his wife died. The funeral was very unlike most of the tribe. I attended many of them, but this was largely attended and quiet. After the funeral, at the request of his unconverted brother, I said, your brother requested me to talk to you, and say he was afraid you would go back to your old habits. Brother Johnson looked at me with astonishment and said, "Don't you believe that the God that has kept me in the past, will still keep me? I do. He will keep me." And he did. Two years later he was called home, passing away very happy.—*Selected.*

One Night Too Late.

One night at a revival meeting a young lady was urged to repent. She said, "I will seek God tomorrow night." The next evening, her mother found that she intended going to a ball and entreated her not to go.

She replied, "I will go, if I die," and went up stairs to dress.

Her beau soon called for her. She was called, but did not reply. Her mother went to her room, found her sitting before the mirror, her lifeless hand placing a bow in her hair, for she was a corpse. She lost her dance, her life and her soul.—*Selected.*

A Remarkable Incident.

The following incident was related to me by Mrs. D. Bradley, of Lucknow, India. The circumstances transpired in that city.

A missionary lady was laboring among certain secluded Mohammedan ladies. She was seeking to impress upon their minds that Christ had more power than Mahomet. To do this, she read and commented upon the man who was born blind and that the Saviour healed and forgave his sins, and the blind man was thus led to worship the Saviour. (See John ix). She had no thought of conveying to her hearers the idea that the Saviour would restore the blind now; but that He was able to do this and, consequently, He alone could forgive sins, and to lean upon other support would prove a broken reed. Present at the interview was a lady who had lost her sight. She could only discern light from darkness and had been told by eminent physicians that there was no hope for her, only by a very painful operation, and then it was ten chances to one if she would not lose her sight altogether. Her desire for sight was so great that her heart was wrung with anguish at the thought that she would never again have her sight. The missionary woman took great interest in the case, and manifested much heart sympathy. The next time the missionary returned, she met her with a happy face, having the assurance of her Saviour's love—her countenance beaming with joy, and her

sight had been restored. The following is the substance of the Mohammedan lady's own story:—

"After you left the other day, I thought I would go to your Jesus and see what He could do for me. I purified a place and made ready, so that at the regular season of prayer (Mohammedans pray seven times a day) I told Jesus that the missionary woman had been here, and she had said that He could forgive sins and restore the blind. I told Him that the missionary woman said He was in heaven, but that He looked down and saw us and pitied us, and heard us pray just the^e same as though He was upon earth. I then told Him that, as He was not down here personally, I would make the clay and put it on my eyes, then I would go and wash, and trust that He would heal my eyes. I went and washed and came seeing—my eyes were perfectly restored. Now," said the poor woman, whose heart was swelling with gratitude and praise to Him who had not only healed her eyes but had forgiven her sins, "I shall hereafter believe in your Jesus."—*Selected.*

Where Am I Going ?

As the sun was going down one fine summer evening, a man was seen trying to make his way through the lanes and cross roads that led to his village home. His unsteady, staggering way of walking showed that he had been drinking, and though he had lived in that village more than thirty years, he was now so drunk that it was impossible for him to find his way home.

Quite unable to tell where he was, at last he uttered a dreadful oath, and said to a person going by, "I've lost my way. Where am I going?"

The man thus addressed was an earnest Christian. He knew the poor drunkard very well, and pitied him greatly. When he heard the inquiry, "Where am I going?" in a quiet, sad, solemn way he answered:

"To ruin."

The poor staggering man stared at him wildly for a moment, and then murmured, with a groan, "That's so."

"Come with me," said the other kindly "and I'll take you home."

The next day came. The effect of the drink had passed away, but those two words, so tenderly and lovingly spoken, did not pass away. "To ruin! to ruin!" he kept whispering to himself. "It is true I am going to ruin. O God, help me, and save me!"

Thus he was stopped on his way to ruin. By earnest prayer to God he sought the grace which made him a true Christian. It was a rock broad enough to reach that poor, miserable drunkard, and it lifted him up from his wretchedness, and made a useful, happy man of him.—*Selected.*

A Thrilling Appeal.

At a certain town-meeting the question came up whether any person should be licensed to sell liquor.

The clergyman, the deacon, the physician, strange as it may now appear, all favored it. One

man only spoke against it because of the mischief it did. The question was about to be put, when there arose from one corner of the room a miserable woman. She was thinly clad and her appearance indicated the utmost wretchedness, and that her mortal career was almost closed. After a moment's silence, and all eyes being fixed on her, she stretched her attenuated body to its utmost height, and her long arms to their greatest length, and then raising her voice to a shrill pitch, she called all to look upon her. "Yes," she said, "look upon me, and then, hear me. All that the last speaker has said relative to temperate drinking as being the father of drunkenness, is true. All practice, all experience declare its truth. All drinking of alcoholic poison as a beverage in health, is excess. Look upon me! You all know me, or once did. You all know I was once mistress of the best farm in town; you all know, too, I had one of the best, the most devoted of husbands. You all know that I had five noble-hearted, industrious boys. Where are they now? Doctor, where are they now? You all know. You all know they lie in a row, side by side, in yonder churchyard; all—every one of them, filling the drunkard's grave! They were all taught to believe that temperate drinking was safe—that all excess alone ought to be avoided; and they never acknowledged excess. They quoted you, and you, and you," pointing with her shred of a finger to the minister, deacon and doctor, 'as authority.' They thought themselves safe under such teachers. But I saw the gradual change coming over my family and its prospects

with dismay and horror. I felt we were all to be overwhelmed in one common ruin. I tried to ward off the blow; I tried to break the spell, the delusive spell, in which the idea of the benefits of temperate drinking had involved my husband and sons. I begged, I prayed; but the odds were against me. The minister said the poison that was destroying my husband and boys was a good creature of God; the deacon who sits under the pulpit there, and took our farm to pay his rum bills, sold them the poison; the doctor said a little was good, and the excess only ought to be avoided. My poor husband and my dear boys fell into the snare, and they could not escape; and one after another were conveyed to the sorrowful grave of the drunkard. Now look at me again. You probably see me for the last time. My sands have almost run. I have dragged my exhausted frame from my present home—your poor house—to warn you all, to warn you, deacon, to warn you, 'false teacher of God's Word!'" and with her arms flung high, and her tall form stretched to its utmost, and her voice raised to an unearthly pitch, she exclaimed: "I shall soon stand before the judgment seat of God. I shall meet you there, you false guides, and be a witness against you all!"

The miserable woman vanished. A dead silence pervaded the assembly; the minister, the deacon and physician hung their heads; and when the president of the meeting put the question, "Shall any licenses be granted for the sale of spirituous liquors?" the unanimous response was "NO!"—*Selected.*

Whiter Than Snow.

In one of the beautiful palaces of England, there lived a nobleman who was not a Christian and never went to church. He had a lovely little girl about six years old. Her name was Alberta. She was the delight of her father's heart. One day she was alone with him in his library, engaged in play. Presently she stopped her play, and looking earnestly into her father's face, she said, "Papa, do you know anything whiter than snow?" "No, my darling," said he, "there isn't anything whiter than snow."

"Oh, but there is," said the child.

"Pray, what is it, my child?" he asked. "Father, the soul washed in the blood of the Lord Jesus is whiter than snow." The nobleman was surprised and displeased at this. He had never taught his child anything about religion, and did not want to have anyone else teach it to her. "Who taught you that, my child?" he asked. "Mary my nurse," was her reply.

Her father rang a bell, and presently a servant appeared. "Tell Mary, the nurse of Alberta, to come here at once." The nurse came. She was asked if she had taught Alberta this about the blood of Christ. She admitted that she had. Then the nobleman said, "I cannot allow you, or anyone else, to undertake to teach my child such things." And then taking out his watch he said, "You can go to the steward and get the wages due you, and then leave the castle within an hour."

Not long after this, a royal prince came to spend a few days with this nobleman. It was the occasion of great rejoicing to all in the castle. One day during this visit, the prince was sitting with the nobleman in his library engaged in conversation. Alberta was playing with her doll. The prince called her to him, and taking her on his knee had a talk with her. Presently she fixed her large eyes on his face and said, "Prince, do *you* know anything that is whiter than snow?" "No, dear," said he, "I have never heard of anything that was whiter than snow; have you?" "Oh yes, prince; *the soul washed from its sins in the blood of Jesus Christ is whiter than snow.*"

There was silence in the library after this. Neither the prince, nor the nobleman had a word to say. But the repeating of these words of his child had a strange affect on Alberta's father. It led him to think and pray over it. Before long, he became a Christian. Alberta's nurse, Mary, was brought back to the castle. She was restored to her old place and told that she might talk to the child about Jesus as much as she pleased.—*Selected.*

Mary Leading her Papa to Christ.

In a town in one of the western states there was a family of Roman Catholics, consisting of the father and mother, and a little girl named Mary, about seven years old. There was no Catholic church within reach, so Mary was allowed to go to a Protestant Sunday school. The father of this family was taken suddenly very ill. Thinking he was going

to die, and knowing that he was not ready, he became very much troubled about his sins. One night he awoke, and was in such great distress that he begged his wife to pray for him. She said she had never prayed for herself and did not know how to pray.

"Oh, what shall I do for my poor soul?" cried the sick man. "Perhaps," said his wife, "our little Mary can pray, for she has been going to Sunday school for a good while."

"Go and call her at once," he said. Her mother went upstairs to her room. Mary was fast asleep. She awoke her, wrapped a shawl around her, carried her down stairs and seated her on her father's bed.

"Mary, my child, can you pray?" asked her father, with great earnestness. "Oh, yes, father, I can," she said. "Will you kneel down and pray for your poor father?" "Yes, I will pray for you." So she kneeled down, and putting up her little hands she said: "Our Father, which art in heaven"—going through the Lord's prayer. Then she prayed in her own language. She asked God to have mercy on her father, to pardon his sins, to teach him to love Jesus, and make him well again, for Jesus' sake. When she had finished, her father said, "Mary, will you read to me from the Bible?" "Yes, I will, father," she said. Then she got her Bible, and began to read the third chapter of St. John. She read on until she came to these words, "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so the Son of Man must be lifted up, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." When

her father heard this, he said, "Oh, Mary, is *that* there?"

"Yes, father, it is here; and these are the very words that Jesus said." "Well, that is just what I want." "Yes, father; but hear the rest of it. "For God to loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him, should not perish, but have everlasting life." "Oh, that is for me, a poor sinner like me. 'Whosoever believeth in Him.' I can believe in Him, I *do* believe in Him." Mary's father was saved.—*Selected.*

A Little Delay.

During the closing services on Sabbath, my eyes rested on a lovely youth. I approached him and exhorted him to repentance through the Lord Jesus Christ. He replied, "I am not ready now, but in two weeks I am resolved to seek the salvation of my soul." A few days after this, a minister was summoned to visit him on a bed of sickness. He said to the minister, "I attended a meeting on Sabbath where I was invited to seek the Saviour. I replied that I was not ready then and now I am not ready to die."

On a subsequent visit the youth exclaimed, "I was not ready to seek God at the meeting; I was not ready to die when the message came, and now I am not ready to lie down in hell! My two weeks have not yet elapsed when I hoped to have made my peace with God, and sickness and death and hell have overtaken me, and I am forever lost."—*Selected.*

Jesus Will Go with Me.

A little girl only four years old was taken sick and was very ill. One day her father was sitting by her bedside. She turned to him and asked this question:

"Papa, does the doctor think I shall die?"

With a very sad heart, her father said, "My darling, the doctor is afraid you cannot live." Then her face grew very sad. She thought a while about the dark graves, into which she had sometimes looked down where people were buried. Her eyes filled with tears as she said, "Papa, the grave is dark. Oh, it's very dark. Won't you go down with me into it?"

With a bursting heart, her father told her he could not go with her until the Lord called him.

"Papa, won't you let mamma go with me?" It almost broke the father's heart to tell her, that much as her mamma loved her, she could not go with her either. The poor child turned her face to the wall and wept. Young as she was, she had been taught about Jesus as the Friend and Saviour of sinners. She poured out her little heart in prayer to Him, with a child's full faith and found comfort. Soon she turned to her father again with a face all lighted up with joy, and said:

"Papa, the grave is not dark now, Jesus will go with me."—*Selected.*

A Persecutor's Death.

A Wesleyan minister whose name was Stewart, was appointed to preach in a wild, mountainous part of Ireland, where there were many Roman Catholics. Some of these men were very bitter in their feelings towards the Protestants. One night, this good minister was preaching in the house of a farmer, when a very violent Romanist, who was present, interrupted him several times. After the meeting broke up, he swore with a dreadful oath, that he would kill the minister before he crossed the mountain the next day, as he understood that he was going over in the morning to preach in another place. In the morning the minister rose early to get a good start on his journey. The farmer's wife begged him not to go on account of the man who had threatened to kill him. He said:

"No; I must go. The Lord is my shield, and He can take care of me."

After lifting up his heart in prayer, he started.

He had passed over the mountain, and was descending on the other side, when he saw two men standing in the road. As he came near them, they seemed to be much excited.

„What's the matter, my friends?" he asked. They pointed to a man who was lying by the side of the road, and said:—

"About fifteen minutes before you appeared, that man came to this place. We were digging turf in the field. We saw him stagger and fall. We ran

to his assistance; but when we came up to him he was dead."

The minister looked at him and said, "Last night that man swore a dreadful oath that he would kill me before I crossed this mountain. Poor fellow! I suppose he came here to carry out his oath."

"Well," said the men, "he will kill no one now."
—Selected.

Guilty of Blood.

A young man attended a protracted meeting and was deeply moved. The Evangelist in charge stepped from the platform, and going down the aisle gave him a special invitation to come to Christ.

The tears ran down his face. He hesitated a moment. At last he caught his sister's eye. Her scornful smile seemed to say, "You shall not yield and go to that altar." He refused, but—on his way home was thrown from his horse and killed instantly. His blood was on his sister's soul. With a broken heart the sister soon died, and the mother by whose influence they were ruined, lost her reason and went to meet the Judge in her blood-stained garments.

Oh, what torments will seize the blood-guilty at the bar of God!

Bye-and-Bye.

"Oh, where is the place? Do show me the place!"

The demand, which was rather an entreaty, proceeded from an elderly woman, very respectably

dressed. She was intensely excited. Tears were flowing down her cheeks, where time had already made its furrows. The same excitement was on every countenance. Evidently, some great calamity had occurred. We followed the old woman and her guide into a large room, where a most awful and ghastly spectacle presented itself. Upon various tables lay *twenty-two corpses!* There were the old man and the infant; mothers, daughters, sons, and husbands; some of them almost crushed out of every semblance of humanity.

What was the cause of all this? No powder-mill had exploded, and sent forth its lurid flames. No ravaging army had spread slaughter and destruction around. It was a Sabbath morning. All was bright and calm and happy. The bells were ringing merrily from every steeple, to welcome the day of rest. A pleasure party was on its way to London. Laughter and merriment were universal, when, in a moment—while the laugh was ringing in the ear, and the jest had scarce parted the lips—the air was rent with shrieks and groans of mortal agony! A collision had taken place between two trains, and without warning, twenty-two persons suddenly passed from time into eternity!

Weeping friends and heart-stricken relatives filled the room where the dead were laid. They were in their holiday attire, stained with their own blood.

The old woman, we have alluded to, passed from one mangled body to another, until her eye rested on that of a young man in the prime of life, frightfully disfigured. With a paroxysm of grief, she took the

cold hand in hers, and seeing I looked sympathizingly at her, poured out her grief in heart-rending language.

"Oh, Sir!" she said, "this poor lad is my son. He would go yesterday. I wanted him not to go. And now—you see. He was a good boy, Sir."

"Do you think," said I, "that he had given his heart to God?"

I had doubts myself; for I thought a man that had truly come to Christ would know the value of the Sabbath as a means of grace, and not spend it in his own pleasures. Still I was anxious to know if there had been any signs of repentance; for who knows but in that awful hour, God, who is love, may have heard the dying cry of some who, in the hour of extremity, implored salvation in the Saviour's name?

"Why, Sir," replied the woman, "he went to church sometimes; and he never swore nor got drunk."

"Did he pray?"

"Why yes, Sir—sometimes."

This was poor encouragement. Still I felt interested in the young man; and having directed the weeping mother to Him who Himself wept at Lazarus' tomb, I promised to call on her.

On fulfilling my promise, a day or two after, I found the history of the widow's son was as follows. Oh, that the unconverted reader may take it as a beacon of warning, and lay its lessons to heart!

Thomas White was an only son. His mother petted him with a foolish fondness. She was blind to his faults, until they forced themselves on her

notice; and then her rebukes took no effect. His father had died when he was very young, leaving a small annuity to his widow. Out of this, Mrs. White apprenticed her son to an engineer. His master was a pious man, and frequently, in conversation with his apprentices, urged them to give their hearts to the Lord. Young White felt softened, and resolved to do so. It was the early striving of the Holy Spirit, whose "viewless way" is seen in every good thought and holy emotion. For a time he regularly attended the house of God, and seemed earnest about his soul. But in an evil hour he formed the acquaintance of a young man, who became his evil genius. He was light-hearted, gay, and dissipated. He ridiculed White so intensely that he led him to avoid all mention of religion, while he assiduously strove to draw him from its influences. Companions are helps, either good or bad. If they do not assist us on our heavenward way, they assist us in becoming the servants of sin. Let every one who has an acquaintance or friend, just ask himself this question—Is my friend anxious about his soul? Is he a man of prayer? Does he trust in the Lord Jesus Christ, and strive to walk like him? Are his conversation and action toned by love to the Lord? And if not, depend upon it—though he or she be dear as a right hand or right eye—your duty is to *avoid* them; for if they do not make you *better*, they will certainly make you *worse*. Their thoughts and ideas and habits have an irresistible influence over your own. This is doubtless very hard and requires

self-denial. But it is a matter in which you should be prepared to act, if you value your own soul

Young White was fascinated by his friend's society, and he gradually yielded himself entirely to his influence. The promptings of conscience were quenched. Sunday evening was spent in strolling about and smoking—often, also, in playing cards. One day he and some others were out bathing. Ever fond of adventure, he sought the deepest part of the pond. He lay down some time, when he felt cramps; and before he had time to cry out, he sank. Presently one of his companions called out, "Where is White?" An alarm was raised; the pond was dragged; and he was recovered. For a time he hung between life and death. With returning consciousness came a resolve once more to turn to God. In an agony of soul he sought for pardon through Christ. Several weeks passed. Every one who visited him believed him a changed man. In course of time he recovered; and, while walking out one day, he encountered his old companion. White had resolved he would shun him; but it was, in his own strength, his resolution was made.

"So, I hear you've turned Methodist again, Tom," he said. "I didn't believe it, for I thought you had too much good sense for that; but I heard the parson declare you were *really converted*." And he made a grimace at the expression.

Tom was silent.

"Is it true, old fellow? No, I see it is not. So

come to my lodgings, and we'll have a bottle together—it will do you good."

With an accusing conscience, but unable to resist, White consented. He listened to the ribald scorn heaped upon religion, and the blasphemous infidelity of his companion, and he felt himself a partner in the sin. Despair seized on his soul. Satan whispered, "It is no use praying any more. This is the second time you've fallen. There is no more hope for you." With a wretched heart the young man returned home, with those words sounding like a knell within him—"It is impossible for those who were once enlightened, . . . if they shall fall away, to renew them again unto repentance, seeing they crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame." In vain did poor Thomas White try to drown the voice of conscience in sin—it still made itself heard.

In due time, Mrs. White removed to Brighton. Here Tom's evil genius led him into still greater dissipation. All this time conscience kept urging him to return to God. Yet still the same plea was urged, "I will by-and-bye." It is one of the most marvelous things in existence, *that God's patience is so great*. We think if we give a man a trial twice, or even thrice, and he does not amend, that he has no further claim on our sympathies. But just think of the numberless times the Lord deigns to try us. He knocks at the closed door. He knocks gently, then loudly. There is no response; and yet He knocks again and again, and still waits, long after human patience would have been exhausted.

About this time a storm occurred at Brighton. It was one of the severest ever known. The wind, which was almost a hurricane, howled along the deserted streets, bringing down frail tenements and chimneys in every direction. The sea, lashed to fury by the tempest, threatened to wash away the securely-built parade. One man was actually blown down by the fury of the wind. Young White and his profligate acquaintances were returning home on this memorable night. The storm made no impression on their minds. Just, however, as they were turning the corner of a street, a chimney-pot was thrown from a tall house, and a fragment, in its fall, struck White, and he fell senseless to the earth. He was carried home to his wretched mother, and this time all hopes were given up. In a terror not to be described, his conscience awoke at the sight of an impending eternity.

"O God," he cried, "have pity on me! But there's no pity for me. I have sinned *too* much. There's nothing but hell *for me*." In vain did they reason with him on the infinite love of Christ, willing at all times, to save to the uttermost. Satan urged his repeated blackslidings, and despair seemed settled on his heart. By slow degrees, after much prayer, his mind grew calmer. He seemed to be in a more hopeful condition. But it was only a transient beam of light. His soul was unrenewed. The impression was not lasting. In his heart of hearts, he longed to return to the sins he loved, and hoped, *bp-and-bye*, he should yet be saved!

Thomas White recovered. His heart was not

grateful. He thought not of the mercy that had hitherto spared him. He not only returned to his old companions, but formed an acquaintance with a young female of dissolute morals. To supply this new "friend" with money, extortionate demands were made on the mother, who, still hoping, even against hope, in her son's future reclamation, gave him all she had.

It was Saturday night previous to the accident. White and the female we have alluded to, were spending what they called a gay evening at a public-house. The former was much the worse for liquor, and, before he left her, promised to take her to London on the morrow. When the morning came he rose and dressed himself with care.

"Where are you going?" asked his mother.

"To London."

"Don't go, Tom," said she, imploringly; "stay at home with me, and take me to church. You're never at home now."

"No: I must go, mother; and if I stayed, I shouldn't go to church."

"Oh! Tom, you haven't been there since you got better. What will become of you?"

He seemed staggered by the question, but tried to laugh it off by saying—

"You're very dull to-day; but never mind, you'll see I shall become quite a religious man by-and-bye."

She saw him depart, despite her entreaties; and with a heavy heart she returned to her room, where she indulged in a flood of tears.

At the station he met his wicked companion.

"Come along," he said, in high glee. "I mean to have a jolly day. The old lady tried to keep me at home to go to church; but it was no go." And with an irreverent laugh they entered the carriage. A few hours later, their mangled corpses were brought back, and the frightful intelligence of the catastrophe conveyed to their homes.

Reader, this is a sad, but true story. It proclaims, as with a voice of thunder, to those who have not as yet turned to God, "*Stifle not your conscience! Trifle not with sin! 'To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your heart.'*" The long-suffering of God invites you to repentance. Thousands sink into hell with this word on their lips—"*Time enough yet.*" Will you go on in sin till it is too late? Will you continue to despise the invitation of that merciful Saviour, whose arms are open to receive you? Will you continue deaf to that loving expostulation, "*Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die?*" Remember, your continuance in sin is a renunciation of God's mercy. Continuance in sin is a deliberate choosing of damnation for yourself. Oh! turn, we entreat you,—turn to that Saviour who gave his life to ransom sinners from eternal death. Tens of thousands, like yourself, have come to Him, and received forgiveness, and then "gone on their way rejoicing." They never knew what happiness was till they tasted of the pardoning love of God. Give your heart, then, to Jesus. Say, in the simplicity of faith—

"Just as I am—without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come."

—A Tract.

Jesus Have Mercy on Father.

In a shanty on First Avenue, New York City, little Mary B— lay dying. Suddenly she turned toward her mother and said, "Mother, I am dying, but I am not afraid." "Not afraid to die?" said her unchristian mother. "Oh, it is awful to die!" Little Mary replied, "Not when you have Jesus with you, mother. O mother, you must love my Saviour!" plead this little angel.

At the bedside, on bended knees, was the drunken father. On his head rested the hand of his little daughter, as she repeated three times, at intervals, "Jesus, have mercy on father."

Shortly afterwards she was numbered with the angel choir in heaven, and three months after her death both of her parents were converted, and from that time led Christian lives.—*Selected.*

My Doom is Sealed.

In the year 1886, while the writer was at Crawfordsville, Indiana, working in revival meetings, there was a certain young man present at the meetings who was under deep conviction. He would sit in his seat and tremble, while tears would roll

down his cheeks. I plead with him night after night, but he would not yield. One evening (the last night that he was there) I plead with him more earnestly than on previous occasions, for somehow I was impressed with the feeling that something would happen to this young man if he did not repent that evening; but still he would not yield to my entreaties. I went home with the solemnity of death resting upon me.

Next morning at about three o'clock there was a loud rap at my door. I went to the door, and there stood a young man before me, who requested me to go over to such a street and such a number as quickly as possible, as there was a young man there dying who wanted to see me.

I hastened as quickly as possible to the address given, and there I found the same young man that I had plead with the evening before, dying.

He looked at me, and said, "Oh, if I had just settled it last evening. Oh, if I would only have yielded—if only I would have got saved." I said to him, "There may be hope for you yet." He began to shake his head and say, "No, no; I am suffering too much pain now to pray." I tried to point him to the Saviour, but it was of no avail. In a few minutes he began to cry out, "My God, my God, my doom is sealed! I am lost, lost, lost!! I am going to hell!!!" and then drew his last breath. That awful scene I can never forget.—*Selected.*

A Dying Mother.

A mother who denied Christ and sneered at religion, came to her dying bed. Looking up from her restless pillow on the group of weeping sons and daughters gathered at her bedside, she said, "My children, I have been leading you on the wrong road all your lives. I, now, find the broad road leads on to destruction; I did not believe it, before. Oh! seek to serve God and to find the gate of Heaven, though you may never meet your mother there." So, in clouds and darkness, set her sun of life.
—*Selected.*

"O God! I am Doomed, I am Doomed!"

During the time of a protracted meeting, one of the ministers' wives insisted on her son yielding to these better influences and seek salvation. He replied to his mother, with a look of fiend-like hatred, that he would rather be damned than yield. He fell forward on the hearth. His mother picked him up whilst he exclaimed with his last breath, "Oh, God! I am damned, I am damned!" with his head resting in his mother's lap. He had gone to that hell he preferred to religion.—*Selected.*

A Dying Welsh Soldier's Despair.

A Christian worker observed: I once went to visit a soldier who had bought himself from the army. He was dying, but did not know it. I sat

down by his side and said, "I will read a bit of the Bible for you." "Oh, you need not trouble; I am not so ill as all that," he replied. Poor fellow, he thought that he must be very ill before any one need offer to read a part of the Bible for him. Next morning, when I called, I found him much worse. I learned that he was a Welshman, and his mother was a Christian. Suddenly he threw himself back in bed, and wringing his hands, he cried, "Oh, what shall I do, what shall I do! I am as a dead man; the mark of death is upon me, and I am not saved." There is a time when Christ may be found, but there is also a time when He may not be found. It is one of the saddest sights that one can look upon to see a soul seeking for Christ, but unable to find Him. And this young dying soldier sought and sought for Christ, but it was all in vain. Jesus had passed by. He became delirious, and died in agony. "Seek the Lord while He may be found; call ye upon Him while He is near."—*Selected.*

Eternal Death.

A young man by the name of Smith was seen standing looking on with interest during the exercises of a prayer meeting at camp-meeting in Rootstown, Ohio. One of the ministers observing him addressed him on the subject of religion. His eyes filled with tears and he seemed inclined to seek religion. One of his wicked companions, perceiving it, stepped up and, looking him in the face, remarked, "Smith, I

would not be a fool." Poor Smith could not resist such influences, and dashing the tears from his eyes turned on his heel and went away. He lingered about the camp ground until the meeting closed for the evening, and went off with his company. They bantered him on the subject of his feelings. To show to them that he had not the feelings they supposed, he commenced cursing and blaspheming in a most awful manner and making all imaginable sport of religious things, when a large limb from a tree fell on him, and he, with a curse on his tongue, was forced into the presence of God, whom he had thus been blaspheming, without one moment's warning.—Selected.

The Last Call.

An unconverted man attended a camp-meeting. While there he was deeply convicted, but was unwilling to yield. He said, "If I can have no peace, I will go home." His wife entreated him to stay until the meeting closed. Ministers urged him to decide for God, but resisting all appeals he left the ground.

On reaching home, he went to his store. Seeing a piece of bread and butter on the counter, he took it up and ate it, thinking his partner had laid it there for himself. When his partner came and inquired for it, he replied, "I have eaten it." "Then you are a dead man." It had been spread to destroy rats. Physicians were called, but it was of no avail; he died. His last words were: "Put my body in a

coffin, carry it to the camp ground, let my w
others see it; while they are looking upon
them I resisted the last call, and now I am
—*Selected.*

my wife and
upon it tell
I am lost."